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The 3-Second Coffee

OF MICE and MOLLY

By JOHN BAILEY

A SMALL, brown, businesslike mouse came up the steps of Sea View guest-house, crossed the porch within a foot of the young man seated in the rocker, paused at the front door, cleared its throat, and went on in.

With a feeble cry the young man rose vertically about six inches.

Captain Pritchett, slumped down in the next rocker, clucked sympathetically.

"Nerves?" he inquired.

"Mouse," muttered the young man jerkily. "Porch. Cleared throat. Went in house."

"An auditory illusion," said the captain, soothingly. "Not uncommon if one is feeling below par mentally. It was I who cleared my throat."

"Oh."

"As to that mouse," continued the captain, "you may have noticed a sort of unfurtiveness? A kind of mouselike in-souciance?"

"I did," shuddered the young man. "A cool customer. Acted as if he lived here."

"He does," said the captain. "He and his sisters. They not only live here, but they enjoy the full status of regular boarders, with all privileges."

In a musing tone he continued: "Some people would say that we have mice. But it would be more exact to say that we have mice stopping here. They are loved and respected by all. Perhaps you would care to hear the story?"

"What story?"

"The story I am about to tell you," explained the captain. The young man said that, aside from not hearing the story, nothing would please him more.

I will begin (said Captain Pritchett) with the moment Bill Shepherd stepped into the lobby of Sea View guest-house.

Tall, well built, with a tanned face and pleasant blue eyes, Bill was as nice a young man as you would care to meet. No one would have guessed that he was a naturalist.

He had already published three books, and was slowly working his way through the animal kingdom.

So far he had written "Our Little Brothers in the Air", "Our Little Furly Friends", and "Our Friends, the Wasps". All good, solid stuff.

During his stay at Sea View he hoped to complete the fourth book in this series, "Making Friends With the Molluscs."

At the same moment that Bill stepped into the lobby of the Sea View guest-house, Gwendolyn Marsh raised her hand to swat a mosquito. Few girls were better equipped to do so. A practised athlete, Gwendolyn had a keen eye and a smooth forehead that had so far kept her remarkably free from mosquito bites.

Using a modification of her cannon-ball service, pivoting at the hips and keeping her eye on the mosquito, Gwendolyn started the down stroke.

At that moment Bill dropped two suitcases, two tennis racquets and a bag of golf clubs, stepped forward and gently grasped her wrist.

"Now, now," said Bill. "Now, now, now." Gwendolyn stared at him, transfixed. "What do you mean, 'Now, now, now, now, now, now'?" she demanded, outraged.

"As a naturalist," said Bill, quietly. "I cannot stand by and see this tiny life destroyed."

"Oh, you can't, can't you?" said Gwendolyn.

"No," said Bill. "I can't. A mosquito is one of God's creatures. Has as much right to live as you or I."

Gwendolyn was about to remark that this was certainly true in Bill's case, when Bill smiled. He has a nice smile and it softened Gwendolyn.

"But he's biting me," Gwendolyn pointed out meekly.

"She," corrected Bill. "The males don't bite." "This one," said Gwendolyn coldly, "thinks he's a female and is biting me anyhow."

"You can prevent her from doing so," Bill said "by holding your breath. This causes your pores to close tightly round her proboscis, rendering her helpless. In addition, she is held prisoner, unable to escape until you permit it by breathing again."

Fascinated by this scientific information, Gwendolyn drew a long breath and held it. Just as she was turning blue in the face the mosquito staggered off heavily, barely able to fly, with the biggest load a mosquito ever took aboard.

Caught in the toils of two pretty schemers, Bill began to wonder if he were a man or a mouse.



"Hit it with a shovel," Gwen yelled, as the mouse crept forward.

Please turn to page 12

WHEN they aren't exchanging medical phrases or complaining about the food, the internes at City Hospital still talk about the night of May fifteenth. That was when they finally decided whether Dr. Dean Lancaster was a heel.

The evening started out with business as usual. Despite the hopeful spring twilight outside the dusty windows, the dining-room at City Hospital was consistently dreary.

With profound lack of enthusiasm, the internes and residents began to straggle in to dinner. One by one, the members of First Surgical Service gathered around the bare oak surface of their usual table.

The head resident was off duty for the night. So Walt was holding down the throne seat. Walt was one of the assistant residents of First Surgical Service. He was a tall, lean chap who still stuck his pipe between his teeth at critical moments.

Joe, an interne, built for heavy duty, was the next to arrive. He unloaded his tray as though he were delivering a consignment of bricks, and suggested that they eat first, and leave the griping for later.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Dean Lancaster. Dean was the other assistant resident of First Surgical Service. He walked jauntily, with the step of a man who is convinced that the world is his oyster, or soon will be. When he smiled his face beamed with uncomplicated goodwill.

"Hello, Glad Boy," said Joe. "How are things in your world?"

"Terrific," said Dean; "slightly terrific."



Bending over the girl, Dr. Lancaster watched her face intently. It was calm and showed no fear.

DOCTOR'S CHOICE

By JEAN L. AABERG

"Fine as silk, fit as a fiddle, sharp as a tack," said Joe.

Dean kept his cheerful smile. "All you internes have evil dispositions," he said.

"You look like the bird that ate all the birdseed," Joe growled. "What goes on?"

Dean sat down. "Big party at Penny's house to-night," he answered.

Joe grunted and repeated his con-

sidered opinion that Penelope Day was just a dubious debutante. Her debbing hadn't been very successful, and now Daddy Day was going to buy her a handsome young doctor. Ever since they did nurse's-aide work, Joe said, those dames had been wild for handsome young doctors.

Dr. Dean Lancaster came under

that classification. He looked like a junior-edition Man of Distinction, and he was a good-natured, likeable fellow who would undoubtedly give you the shirt off his back, if the necessity arose.

Also, he had the makings of a spectacular surgeon. Without half-trying, he could operate rings around most of the pompous staff members. First Surgical Service was agreed on these points.

The question they argued about was Dean's conviction that a young doctor must play politics to achieve success. If it came to a showdown, would he put his profession first, or would it be mere important to make the right impression on the right people? It was a very durable issue.

They had just started to kick it around again when Bill, another interne, came up to the table. Bill was a mild-faced, polite young man from South Carolina. His chief distinction lay in the fact that he was always pro-Dean.

"What's new?" Bill asked. Joe didn't look up from his plate. "Nothing much. Appendectomies, hemorrhoidectomies and the usual bunch of knifings and beat-up rum pots."

"Sometimes," said Bill, "I don't think that you have the call."

He had said this before, but they all laughed. Next they disposed of the fact that the meat must have been obtained from the back door of an old harness shop. Then Joe turned back to the business in hand.

"If you'd spend more time being a surgeon and less time trying to play all the angles, you'd get along better," he told Dean.

"Jealousy, my lads," said Dean. "I wonder if you will ever get it through your heads that it won't do any good to hide your light under a barrel. You have to know your way around, and you have to know what you want."

"Such as the head-resident job for next year?" asked Joe.

"Of course," said Dean.

"Naturally," said Walt.

The two assistant residents were the logical candidates for the post of head resident of First Surgical Service next year. Both Dean and Walt had gone on record as willing to give their respective right arms

for that particular job. The head-resident assignment at City Hospital was definitely a plum.

Joe remarked that Walt must suffer from cerebral calcification because he didn't try harder to get the job.

Walt replied that he was just a peaceable guy who liked to play golf and mind his own business, and that he couldn't throw his weight around the way Dean did. They wouldn't have to hash it over much longer, anyway, because the appointments were to be made within the next two weeks.

"Maybe Dean's right," Walt added. "Maybe it does take back-scratching."

"Maybe," said Joe. "Even a low-grade moron could see that this hospital is swarming with small-fry politicians. But I bet the head-resident job is one that will be given out on merit. Don't forget that the chief of this service, Dr. Winslow Jason—the man who makes the appointments—is a chess player."

"What does that have to do with it?" Bill asked.

Please turn to page 30

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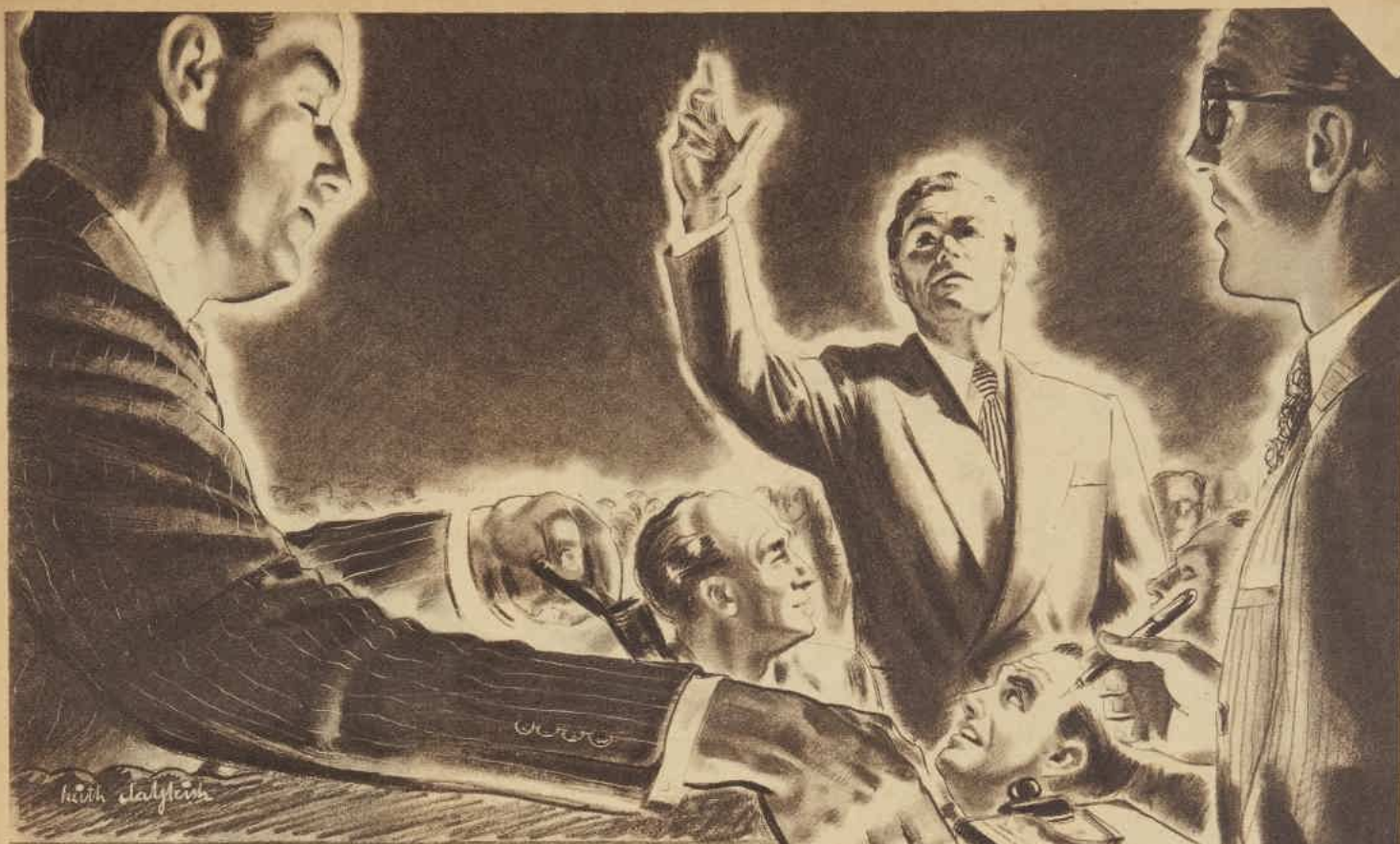
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A Story without a moral

IT was at a recent auction in one of the largest New York galleries that an incident occurred which for many days remained the subject of amused conversation among art dealers and collectors.

Not one among these daily visitors to the auction-rooms, whose occupation or passionate activity is the never-ceasing chase after art treasures, could remember a similar episode.

On the day in question I myself had come with the intention of bidding for a Boldini. But as soon as I entered the overcrowded gallery I realised that this would be no day for bargains.

The public was there—the outsiders who senselessly drove the prices high for they bought pictures with no idea of their value, but merely because they appealed to them.

As I stood near the door, studying the crowd, my rambling glance became fixed on a man in one of the back rows. I knew that head, so much was certain, but when and where had I seen it before?

I had always been proud of the fact that any face, seen even only once, was registered in my brain as if on a photographic plate, classified according to name and other data. Who was that man in the fourth row?

The auctioneer started proceedings at last. Three clerks observed closely and reported the gestures and cries of the bidders. The day was, as I have said, taken over by the outsiders.

Prices were called out by members of the audience, whereas in the usual gathering of dealers and collectors not a sound was heard. A head nodded gently, a hand moved—that was all. A lift of the eyebrow was sufficient. The clerks, familiar with the faces and habits of the bidders, were able to interpret the minutest muscular activity. Surprisingly, the first pictures

went for relatively low prices.

The next picture presented for bidding did not really belong on the day's schedule. It was a copy.

"Number seven," announced the auctioneer, "Copy of a painting by Alessandro Magnasco—The Temptations of Saint Anthony."

It seemed to me that an attentive listener could detect a certain contempt in his voice.

"May I open at fifty? Do we say fifty? Who will make it fifty? Well, then, twenty-five?"

A hand was raised. "We have twenty-five . . . Thank you, sir. Is there any advance?"

"Thirty," corrected one of the clerks, who had somewhere detected the movement of an eyebrow or some other signal.

"Thirty is the bid . . . Is there any advance? I have thirty . . . May I say thirty-five?"

And then the fantastic happened.

The man in the fourth row, whose identity had so puzzled me, got to

his feet and announced, "I bid ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-seven cents for this picture."

There was a moment of complete silence. Everyone turned to stare at the bidder.

"No jokes, please," said the auctioneer. His tone was solemn, reproachful. And he repeated, "Number seven, copy of a painting by Alessandro Magnasco. Thirty dollars is the bid . . . Is there any advance?"

"I bid ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-seven cents," repeated the man at the back.

There was another pause. The three clerks looked in bewilderment at the auctioneer, who was himself so dumbfounded that he required time to recover his speech. The man was unquestionably insane.

"Thirty dollars is the bid,"

"I bid ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-seven cents."

"Well, then, if you insist, ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-five cents."

"—and forty-seven cents," the madman corrected.

"—and forty-seven cents. Is there any advance? Last call? Sold at ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-seven cents."

At a signal from the auctioneer one of the clerks hurried over to the victorious client at the back and began to whisper with him. We understood, of course, what was happening. He was asking for a deposit as a guarantee that he would actually take the picture.

"A cheque!" we heard the madman scream. "Out of the question."

"You must at least leave a deposit," argued the clerk with growing irritation.

"I don't see why," retorted the singular customer. "Why should I make a deposit? I'll pay the entire amount now, in cash!" And he drew from his pocket a thick roll of notes which had apparently been prepared for this moment.

The clerk, of course, resumed at once his polite whisper, undoubtedly explaining that the money could be paid out at the cashier's office. They both left the room.

The auction could not proceed. Business was interrupted for the moment by an eruption of noise such as had never before invaded this salon. People roared with laughter, called out to friends across the room, and inquired of neighbors as to the identity of the madman.

As for me, from the moment I had heard his voice, I was more than ever convinced I had come across him somewhere, and I tortured my memory in an effort to remember where and when it had been.

Everyone turned to stare at the man who was making this fantastic bid.

Please turn to page 37



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POSING as an engaged couple, when both are in a mood of pique and bravado, TEMPERANCE FARE and ANDREW McKAIL hit the jackpot in the "Rub-4-U Sparkles" radio quiz contest, and find that, provided they marry at once, they have won prizes, including a plane, a furnished cottage, and a large sum of money.

Assuring CYNTHIA, with whom Andrew is in love, that they will be divorced as soon as possible, they marry and set off in the plane.

But a blizzard forces them down, and they make a landing near the log home of young BRAD and BETTS LINDSEY.

The Lindseys welcome them rapturously, thinking at first that a flying doctor has arrived. They had sent out an urgent radio call for help because Betts expects a baby, and the blizzard had delayed their departure for hospital.

Temperance quietly takes charge in the little home, and the young Lindseys are thrilled to learn that their visitors are the "Rub-4-U Sparkles" honeymooners.

Now read on:—

BUSYING herself about the little log cabin, Temperance had already done something besides rustle up a meal. She had persuaded, or more likely bullied, the whole place into pulling itself together. Its first appearance of frantic disruption had become one of calm and order.

Supper was laid on a low table by the fire, and Mrs. Lindsey sat up, looking like a battered little craft that knows it is safe home at last. She kept taking little peeks at Temperance, as if to reassure herself that help had come.

Andrew took a cautious glance at what she saw. Temperance's prim and by now familiar figure wasn't somehow as familiar as it had been. Something had happened to it. It was as though a wary, mouse-like charm peered out of its mousehole to see if it was safe to come out and roam around.

Andrew wondered vaguely what Cynthia would have made of it. But it was like being 10,000 feet up and not giving a care what might be going on below. Nothing on earth seemed real. Not even Cynthia's gold hair and amber eyes. He was

getting too sleepy even to try to remember her. He gave a passing thought to the plane outside, intact and waiting. One of these fine days they'd take off and go—wherever they'd been going. He didn't seem very clear about that, either.

Brad threw a log to the hungry fire.

"You two must be dead-beat," he said. "I've taken some of your clothes to your room. Don't worry about Betts. If we need you, I'll call."

THE GREAT QUESTION

By I. A. R. WYLIE



Andrew and Brad came running through the snow, as Temperance called from the cabin doorway.

SHE SHIVERS FOR GLAMOUR



Lovely young model June Massey shows you the swimsuit you'll be wearing this summer. "Modelling is a thrilling job" says June, "but it's freezingly cold in this weather. So as soon as I step out of camera range, I have a cup of steaming hot Bonox. It warms me up and gives me a lift." Bonox keeps out chills and tiredness. Builds up that weakened resistance—keeps your head above the "flu line". Enjoy healthful Bonox every day. Eat and drink it for a lift.

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Andrew shot up. He was wide awake now. This was the crisis, the pay-off, the inevitable showdown. But whatever he had meant to say, he didn't say it.

Temperance had crossed over to his side and affectionately slipped her arm through his. He'd felt those imperative claws before.

"Andrew and I could certainly do with a good night's sleep," she said. "Couldn't we, dear?"

The dynamo failed again. It was so old and tired that even Andrew couldn't coax it back to life. They followed at Brad's heels up a dark and dismal staircase, the lamplight throwing Snooky's impish shadow ahead of them.

"We've got to put on an act," Temperance whispered. "It's up to us."

"What sort of act?" he whispered back indignantly.

She didn't answer. The four of them stood bunched together in the doorway of the small, low-ceilinged bedroom. The bed almost filled it. The heat from the pot-stove in the kitchen hadn't even taken the first chill off.

"I wish we could do better by you," Brad said with mournful regret. "We just aren't fixed for wintering."

"In five minutes we shall be asleep," Temperance told him briskly. She took the lamp out of his hand. "Don't worry. Call me if you need me."

The door closed. They listened to Brad's softly retreating footsteps. Temperance set the lamp down on the one small table. She began, calmly, to unpack her suitcase.

"Before you jump out of the window, Andrew," she said, "or whatever you're planning to do, remember that those two forlorn youngsters are starry-eyed about us. We're lucky as people are lucky only in dreams and fairy stories. She's in bad shape. She couldn't stand up to anything. Not now. So please don't jump."

"I wasn't thinking of it," he said resentfully. "But I'd just like to know where you expect me to go from here?"

"I don't know what to expect. I don't know you well enough. I hope you'll behave sensibly. I know from experience in our office that it's always hard for men. They're full of wonderful ideas that haven't a thing to do with real life and real people. Take us, for instance."

Please turn to page 38

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British Chief

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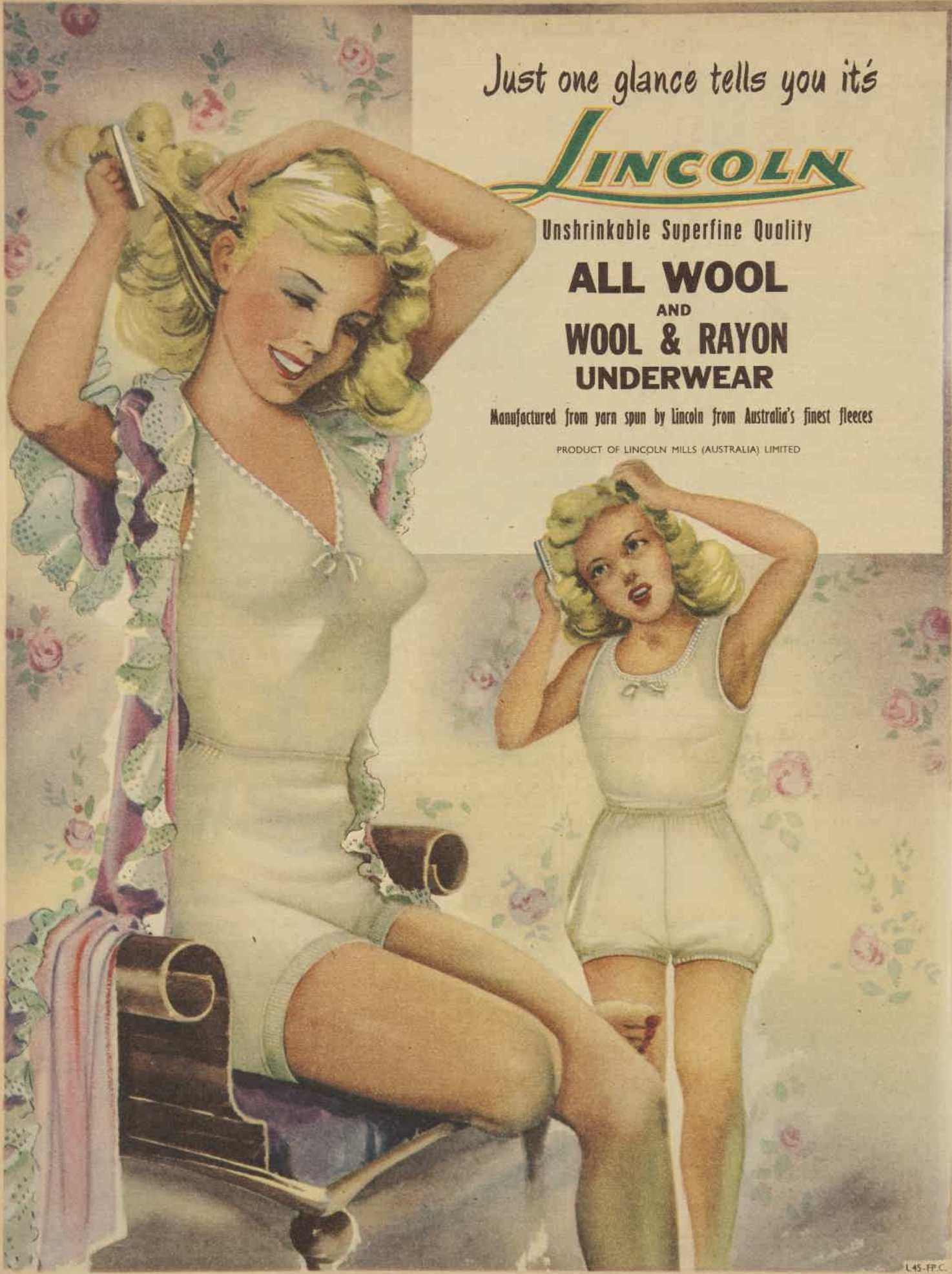
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Sun-tanned Margaret enjoys Italian holiday



SMILING HAPPILY, the Princess makes her way through a good-humored crowd to set out on a walk around the marvellous cliffs on the Isle of Capri.



FLOWERS, picked on a long ramble through Capri, fill Margaret's arms returning to hotel.



TRAVELLING clothes for Margaret's tour included this modified tent-coat of soft pink light wool with white accessories.

Little girl has "private" view of Princess' tour wardrobe

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London office, who is in Italy

A bright-eyed attractive Italian girl had an entrancing 15 minutes during Princess Margaret's stay on the romantic Isle of Capri.

Despite the scrutiny of watching officials, she managed to slip into the Princess' bedroom at the Morgano Tiberio Hotel.

BREATHLESS with her success, she peered delightedly into the wardrobe to see all the lovely gowns the Princess would wear during the more formal engagements of her Italian tour.

She even peeped at Princess Margaret's diary, which lay on the table. But this was her biggest disappointment.

"I could not understand the English," she complained to her friends, when she got back to them on the hotel terrace.

Margaret accepted intrusions such as this with royal grace, and whenever the eager crowds pressed about her she turned to smile at them brilliantly.

In Rome Princess Margaret has become an expert at eating spaghetti, turning it skillfully on her fork, popping it neatly into her mouth, and celebrating the success of the operation with a sly smile for her companions.

After the austerity menus of her favorite British eating places, the bill of fare at Roman restaurants,

like San Carlo, where Margaret went with John and Anne Mallet, son and daughter of her host, the British Ambassador, was a brilliant list of delicacies she had never tasted.

Among the fussy little cars and myriads of streamlined baby motor-cycles which swarm up and down the Seven Hills of Rome the huge black Rolls Royce which carried the Princess on her sightseeing tours loomed as conspicuously as a trout among a school of minnows.

The International Horse Show in Rome was one of the most brilliant events of the spring season.

The crowd was easily the most fashionable seen since the war.

Once she stepped from the show window of her black Rolls Princess Margaret could easily have mingled unnoticed among this elegant crowd. For she had dressed herself modestly but impeccably in a silk print frock in rose and green, and looked like any of the numbers of pretty English girls holidaying in Rome.

Despite a fairly heavy social programme, Margaret has managed to devote a lot of her time to visiting museums, art galleries, and particularly churches, which have become her ruling passion.

Her busiest and most formal day since she arrived in Italy was when she was received by the Pope. Although it is the custom for women not to wear make-up, she did not remove her lipstick. But she conformed to tradition by wearing a black knee-length dress.

Her long black velvet cloak swept the courtyard of San Damaso in the Vatican as she stepped from her car. Two Papal Guards and two Swiss Vatican Guards escorted her party upstairs through the magnificent Papal apartment to the private library, where the Pope had just returned from a walk in the Vatican gardens.



FAMOUS Bay of Naples is inspected from the terrace of the Excelsior Hotel by Princess Margaret and British Information Officer, Mr. A. E. Heath.

After only a few days of the Italian sunshine, Margaret's peaches-and-cream complexion turned brown, all except where her sunglasses covered her eyes. In the evenings, when she took the glasses off, the progress of her suntan could be measured against two large almond-shaped patches of fairer skin.

While she was in Naples, to be in tune with the holiday mood, Princess Margaret kept exclusively to gay print frocks, which drew approving nods from fashionable Italian women.

She reserved her trunk of filmy, Moynex taffeta and white tulle evening dresses for the more formal air of Rome and Milan.

Princess Margaret's taste in shoes—high platform with ankle-strap—did not find so much favor. While still very much a British fashion, they are no longer popular in Italy.

The tourist season on Capri was approaching its height when the Princess arrived. Amused visitors thronging Capri were numbers of bronzed, sandal-footed, Swedes, many with luxurious golden beards, who had migrated south for the summer to revel in the sun and winy air on vine terraces among the floral beauties lyricized by their beloved writer, Axel Munthe.

The island was also thronged with darker, more languorous young men, Latin visitors, who looked after her car, raised their dark brows, and murmured, "Che bella ragazza!" ("What a beautiful girl!"). Margaret has rarely looked lovelier than in the simple summer prints she put on for her tours around the island.

The island has a large literary colony, of which Margaret's host, author Edwin Cerio, is a leading figure. Cerio marked Margaret's stay there as his guest by dedicating his latest book, which is about the island, to her.

Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, and known to all Italians as the severe custodian of English austerity, was in Rome while Margaret was taking her holiday farther down the coast. All Italy looked at pictures of the spectacled Cripps, then on the opposite page of the gay Princess, with her arms full of flowers. And popular reaction was to smile, wink, and joke. "He's come to make sure Margaret does not spend more than her allowance of fifty pounds."

MECHANICAL PROBLEM

OWING to mechanical difficulties, the rotogravure section of this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly is not as large as usual.

The difficulties involved, however, are being overcome and next week's paper will be 56 pages with the usual full-sized rotogravure.

A 200-YEAR PEACE

THE Council of Foreign Ministers — representing the world's four major powers — is meeting in Paris this week to discuss peace plans for Europe.

The meeting follows closely on the lifting of the Berlin blockade after 327 jittery days—every single one of which could have marked the date of the outbreak of a third world war.

No one imagines that the lifting of the blockade means the end of friction, a sudden flowering of the brotherhood of man in Europe.

Formidable problems remain, perhaps the most difficult of them being the means by which the democratic nations on the one side and Russia on the other can convince each other of their good intentions.

The lifting of the blockade was the first step towards better understanding.

Britain's Foreign Minister, Mr. Ernest Bevin, has learned the virtues of patience and progress made slowly, during long years as a negotiator in both industrial and international affairs.

On the eve of the Council meeting he had the statesmanship and robust optimism to talk of ensuring peace not only for the present but for the next 200 years.

A treaty that pledged all the countries of Europe to settle their differences by negotiation for the next 200 years might make peace, instead of war, a deeply rooted habit in that troubled continent.

Standing on her head. Mamselle played a violin

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

After 15 years as a picture show, the Palace Theatre, Sydney, reopens as a live artist theatre this week with Noel Coward's "Present Laughter," a sophisticated comedy about a matinee idol's fantastic matrimonial tangles.

It couldn't be more different from the show that in 1896 opened the opulent new Palace Theatre with its Moorish towers, gilded metal frescoes, and painted ceiling of lush nudes reclining in Victorian curves among banks of flowers.

AFTER the overture—"Les Immigrants D'Amerique" by the Palace Theatre Band under the baton of Herr Pechotsch—the rich curtain of peacock-blue plush "glorified with much embroidery" rose on Mme Lily Aubrey, "the female tenor."

An even greater novelty awaited the audience after interval. Mme Clothilde Antonia, "lady contortionist and hand-balancer, the wonder of the 19th century," performed a number of feats, not the least of which was playing the violin while standing on her head. While theatre-lovers rejoice in the return of live artists to the Palace, this week's opening will probably not be quite as sensational as the first opening, about which one newspaper writer reported:

"The opening on Saturday night was attended by that wild and frantic demand for seats and scampering up and down of distracted ushers which mark a popular boom. Full dress decorated the stalls as well as the dress-circle, which has a well-like depth from the back to the front, and the gallery is lost somewhere in the heights of the 'mooned dome above.'"

Yet he must have had some sort of a premonition when he wrote: "If ever the Palace is allowed to grow old there is so much color to fade, and so much glitter to fall into disrepair, the effort to keep the moth, dust, and blowfly from 14,000 square yards of fresco would cost a fortune."

For surely he could not have foreseen depression days when out-of-work actors walked Poverty Point, and movies usurped the tarnished glories of the Palace.

George Adams was proprietor and builder of the theatre, which cost \$40,000, and its director Phil W. Goatcher, whose name appeared on the programme as designer, decorator, and artist responsible for all the interior design.

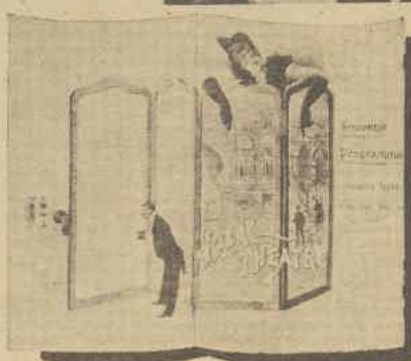
The programme, printed on satin, and edged with fringing, stated that the Palace was "the only theatre in the world in which practically the entire interior is of metal in lieu of wood, paper, or plaster."

Thus soothing the minds of those who feared a fire, the programme listed the cast, politely prefacing all names with Mr., Miss, Mrs., or Mademoiselle.

The audience applauded Mr. Henry Lee, who impersonated Shakespeare, Prince Bismarck, Pope Leo, Charles Dickens, Mr. Rudyard Kipling ("speaking about India"), Lord Tennyson, and Mr. Gladstone.



BERT BAILEY with the stuffed kookaburra presented to him by an admirer at the opening of "The Squatter's Daughter" in 1917.



OPENING night programme for the Palace Theatre, printed on satin, is treasured possession of Mr. Bill Adams, grand-nephew of the original proprietor.

Gentlemen roared with laughter at comedian George Knowles, while young ladies smiled quietly, agreeing with the critic who wrote next day: "Mr. Knowles had a misguided tendency to say 'damn' in quite a number of his stories, while his story about a naked model was not in the best of taste."

For months people sang, whistled and hummed Knowles' famous song, "On the Benches in the Park."

The cast in the present show still use the old dressing-rooms which lay idle and dusty for so long, and check their dressing in two full-length mirrors near the stage.

In front of those mirrors many famous actors and actresses have stopped to give a last check to their appearance—Dante the First, Marie Tempest, Guy Bates Post, handsome Julius Knight, Maggie Moore, Sara Allgood, Emilie Pollini, and Sir Charles Hawtrey.

Rivalry between theatres was intense, and an old theatrical ventriloquist and Punch and Judy producer, "Professor" Wallace, tells of the time when the Criterion and the Palace both ran minstrel shows.

Popular McAdoo's Minstrels and Jubilee singers, all negroes, were on at the Palace, but then the Criterion show was good, too.

"Both managements had the same idea, and for a drawcard put wonderful dance bands, playing ragtime, outside the theatres in Pitt Street to attract crowds."

Great mine of information on the theatre of those days is actor and producer Bert Bailey, always associated in people's minds with the successes "On Our Selection" and "The Squatter's Daughter."

"You had to be good then," he said, "otherwise your show flopped."

We followed the great Henry Irving's maxim: "The stage must succeed as a business if it is not to fail as an art."

"Every man in the theatre could at a pinch take over another job, and there was no talk of starring anyone. Stars! Bert Bailey's bushy eyebrows lowered.

He pointed a strong forefinger at me. "Young lady," said the old actor, "the programmes used to read Guy Bates Post as 'The Man-querader.' Not starring Guy Bates Post. The public decided whether an actor was good or bad."

Mr. Bailey had long experience with the Palace Theatre. "Good acoustically," he remembers, "a small stage, but a place with the smell of the theatre."

For Bert Bailey 1912 stands out, when "The Squatter's Daughter" was produced at the Palace, complete with sheep, shearers, wood-chopping, whip-cracking, and plenty of humor.

Bert Bailey remembers another show where he was lying gaged and bound inside a hut.

His faithful sheepdog, well trained in advance, was due to spring to the roof, climb down the chimney, nibble at the knots, and release him.

The faithful dog walked on stage, heard all the clapping, and thought it was for him. He wagged his tail while Bert Bailey thought of a few words he could call that hound.

Then he remembered his own kangaroo dog, King, who was in the wings. At home, Bert had taught his dog, just in case.

He whistled, and faithful King rushed on, clattered down the chimney, freed Bert, and saved the situation.

Interesting People



MR. ALAN B. CHALLICE ... young man, big job

WITH Red Cross for three years, last year sent to America on Study Visit Course offered by U.S. Red Cross, 34-year-old Mr. Alan Challice is youngest man ever to hold responsible position of Superintendent of N.S.W. Division of Red Cross Society. Educated at Newington College, he rowed in school eight, was seconded from R.A.A.F. to R.A.F., after war served with U.N.R.R.A. in China. Eight hundred branches of Red Cross will come under his administration.



MADAME R. M. OLLIER

... in French Diplomatic Service NEW Second Secretary to French Embassy, Canberra, is Madame R. M. Ollier, a widow with two small boys at school in France, who likes poetry, clothes, book-binding and cooking. She received her Degree in Law (Licence) from Paris University before marriage, joined French Diplomatic Service in Syria after husband's death, returned to Paris and took Doctorate of Law.



MR. DUNCAN MCKELLAR ... has new dance

THREE times professional ballroom dancing champion of Scotland, Duncan McKellar has come to Melbourne with a new party dance, "Ball in the Jack," and will introduce it to Australia. He says that Britain is more dance-conscious than ever. "Business men and women are recognising dancing as a smooth, all-weather tonic." Mr. McKellar has demonstrated throughout Britain. He's on the side of the English in the English-style dancing versus Latin controversy.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By Gus



FAMOUS SINGER. Marjorie Lawrence, with her husband, Dr. Thomas King, arrives from America for Australian concert season which commences when Marjorie sings in her home town, Wineshelsea. First Sydney concert will be on June 25.



PARTY AT ROYAL EXCHANGE. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fairfax chat with Mr. Rodney Macdonald, of Queensland (centre), at party given by members of the Royal Exchange in their newly decorated room in the 'Change building. Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax have moved into 'Elaine,' Double Bay.



PRETTY DEBS. Kathryn Howe and Margaret Symes were two excited young debs. who attended the Rotary Ball at the Trocadero. With other debutantes, they were presented to the Governor, Lieut.-General Northcott.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Graham Barnes and his bride, formerly Shirley Wilson, second daughter of Mrs. Wilson, of Morne and Sydney, and of late Mr. C. C. Wilson, leave St. Anne's, Strathfield.

Intimate Gossipings

THIS week Sydney will see a lot of people who will be able to discuss with authority the merits of every known breed of sheep.

In between exhibits and sales there are lots of social doings arranged for country guests and their city friends during Sheep Show Week and the ram sales, which commence this Thursday.

Australian Corriedale Association issues invitations for cocktails and dinner at Pickwick Club this Thursday, and their president, Mr. A. B. Carroll, will be host and greet guests, who will all be male exhibitors. Following night the Australian Society of Breeders of British Sheep will also give dinner at Pickwick Club. Their society has been invaded by women exhibitors, and Mrs. Fred Griffiths, of Toonalook, Albury, and Pat Welsh, of Nandillyan Ponds, Orange, are invited to attend.

LOTS of private parties arranged to take place within the coming week, and Pitt, Son, and Badgery, Ltd., arrange second annual Sheep Show Ball to be held at Wentworth Ballroom. Country matrons' dance at Royal Sydney Golf Club for their sub-deb. and deb. daughters should brighten lives of young folk. There's an imposing list of bachelors' names on the Food for Babies invitation when the Grand Ram and his flock send out invitations for the Bachelors' 'Bawl' on May 29.



YOUNG SYDNEY SCULPTOR. Lin Dorn and his wife with Lin's bronze book-end 'Suzanna and the Elders,' which he exhibited at the Society of Arts Exhibition. Consul-General for America, Orsen Nielsen, and Mrs. Nielsen have commissioned Lin to make life-size studies of heads of their two children, Edward and Anne.



PRETTY COMMITTEE MEMBERS. Sheila Macdonald (left), Mollie Lloyd, and Joan Friend, who are busy arranging details of The King's School Old Boys' Dance, which will be held at the Trocadero on June 2. Ball is held to correspond with Sheep Show Week so that country visitors may attend. Proceeds for Rowing Club funds.



FETE. Mrs. E. D. Roper, with president of fete committee, Mrs. Stephen Roberts, walking to the Great Hall for afternoon tea at the University Settlement Fete held at Sydney University. Fete, which is held annually, will aid Sydney University Settlement funds.



WED AT ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL. John Williams and his bride, formerly Dorothy Cahill, elder daughter of Mr. Fred Cahill, M.L.A., and Mrs. Cahill, of Ashfield, leave chapel of St. John's College at Sydney University. Both bride and bridegroom are graduates of Sydney University. John is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Williams, of Merveth.

PRESIDENT OF R.A.S. Mr. Colin Sinclair, officially opens Sheep Show Week this Friday at 3 p.m., and following opening New South Wales Sheep Breeders' Association president, Mr. E. I. Body, of Trangie, assisted by members of his council, will receive the guests.

GLAMOR social event, during Sheep Week is annual Wool Ball, which will be held at Romano's this Saturday. Ruth Watt has designed the invitations—a cunning lamb playing with a ball of wool. Lots of lovely prizes are lined up for the evening, which will benefit the Peter Pan Kindergarten.

GLEAM of anticipation in eye of pretty Rosemary Cowper these days as she has had letter from her mother, Mrs. Norman Cowper, from London, telling her that packed in her luggage are several trousseau gifts for her. Mrs. Cowper is in London with her husband, who is attending Privy Council bank appeal, and they return on June 16 in the Strathaird in time for Rosemary's wedding on June 25 with John Penman. A cocktail party, which will be in the young couple's honor and also welcome home Mr. and Mrs. Cowper, will be held at their Wahroonga home on June 23.

IT'S a baby daughter, Rosemary, for Olga and Nugent Gelke, of Darling Point. Olga and her daughter are in St. Margaret's Hospital, Darlinghurst, and Olga is surrounded by flowers and receiving lots of good wishes and congratulations.

THE Douglas Robertsons, of Turanville, Scone, have busy week with Scone Cup meeting, as Mr. Robertson is president of the Race Club. Two days later the Robertson family invite friends from Singleton, Muswellbrook, and Quirindi, as well as Scone district, for gymkhana, which is annual event at Turanville.

BUFFET dance given by Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Pennings when they entertain in honor of their daughter Bette's 18th birthday, and welcome 60 young guests to celebrate occasion.

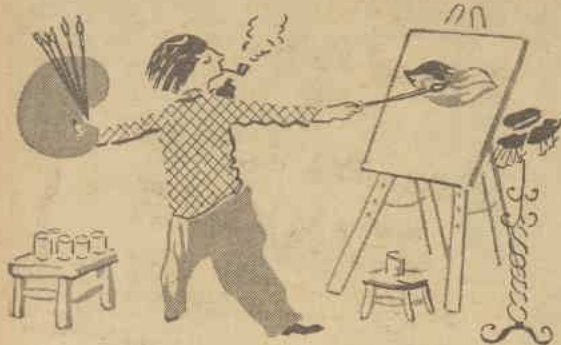
WHIRL of excitement for attractive Joan Allsop, whose marriage with Dr. John Furber takes place at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on June 15. Joan is caught up in round of parties, trousseau fittings, and last but not least, her graduation in Arts at Sydney University. Graduation ceremony is just two weeks before Joan's wedding, and along with wedding gown and trousseau is her graduation dress in the making for this Saturday, when she will receive degree.

Joan and John are being given cocktail party on June 10, and kitchen teas and dinners are lined up, with dates to be decided as soon as graduation ceremony is past.

COCKTAIL highlights, June Horner's brown moire taffeta cocktail gown . . . Jocelyn Gaskell's almond-green after-five frock, and Nola Dekyvere's super pink cocktail hat.

BRIEFLY: Honeymoon at the Windsor Hotel Melbourne, for Babe and Charles Byrne, who were married recently at St. Mary's. Babe formerly Babe Mitchell, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Mitchell, of Woolahra. Charles hails from Rowena . . . Round of society abroad for pretty Cynthia Douglass and her handsome son, Gordon. They have wonderful motor tour all through England and end up at Glenelg, Scotland, for three weeks . . . Baby daughter for Adrian and Pat Van Dyke. They have decided to call her Maryke Kees. Baby's mother, who was Pat Cotton, returns to Point Piper flat and is welcomed home by her ten-year-old son Richard . . . Thrill for the Jack Woodbridges, who are on their way to England in Orca, when they receive telegram in Melbourne telling them that their daughter, Shirley Schumann, and her husband Eugene have baby son . . . Home at 'Mountain View,' Narrabri, for Heather and Harley Ward, who recently wed at Ashfield Presbyterian Church. Bride formerly Heather Harris . . . Committee members working like beavers for success of the annual Palm Beach Surf Club Ball, to be held this year at Prince's on July 4.

joyce



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"Rose Mode"

A soft pastel pink as delicately soft and dewy as the petals of a rose—the new Spring fashion colour in Europe now.

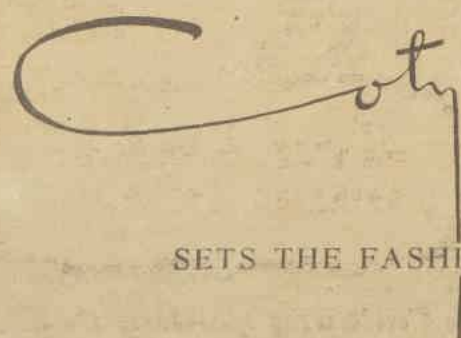
COTY LIPSTICKS

Rose Mode	soft pastel pink
Capucine (new) .. .	brilliant coral
Dahlia	lively flower pink
Vibrant	youthful blue-blended red
Vif	military red
Moyen	poppy red
Gilane	auburn red



7/6
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Non-drying to the lips. Firm enough to prevent running. Creamy enough to spread on easily. Soft enough to keep the lips smooth.



FROM this simple beginning, romance burgeoned and blossomed. Both Gwendolyn and Bill were excellent athletes. Though of slighter build, Gwendolyn had almost as many muscles as Bill. At golf, tennis, or swimming they were evenly matched.

When he was not with Gwendolyn, Bill devoted himself to his work, taking long walks along the shore, and either purchasing live bait and giving it its freedom or hanging from a rowboat with his head under water while he made observations of marine life.

Meanwhile, life at Sea View guest-house underwent a remarkable change. Such was the force of Bill's personality that old boarders were seen walking slowly, heads bent, to avoid stepping on ants. Plates of cream were set out for cats. And not a few of the more social-minded boarders found themselves nodding pleasantly to horses.

This dreamy state extended even to Molly, the landlady's beautiful daughter. A warm-hearted girl, Molly was naturally kind to animals. But there were several odd incidents which I attributed directly to Bill's hypnotic influence.

She was, for instance, extremely proud of her kitchen garden. Vegetables, under Molly's capable hand, flourished.

I happened to be present when, standing among her precious tomato plants, she called Bill out of the house.

"Bill," she fluted. "Come and see the perfectly darling little cut-worm."

Naturally, I was stunned. The relationship between Molly and cut-worms had been, heretofore, strictly that of squasher and squashee.

Oddly enough, I did not at once realize that Molly was in love with Bill. I suspected it the following morning, however, when I caught her in the kitchen mashing the lumps out of his oatmeal.

Also, as I sat next to him at the breakfast table, I noticed that his toast had butter all the way out to the edges, while my own had the customary smear in the centre.

As an old friend I confronted Molly with this evidence, and she gloomily admitted that Bill had captured her heart. However, according to Molly, Bill gave her about the same amount of attention that he would give a grubby little man selling insect repellent.

"Practically none," said Molly plaintively. "He doesn't even notice me."

"Nonsense," I said. "No, he doesn't," said Molly sadly. "Then, of course, there's Gwendolyn."

"Pooh," I said. "What about Gwendolyn?" "Well, I'm not clever or sophisticated like Gwendolyn. And I'm no good at golf or swimming," she said in a low voice. "Or tennis."

"More accomplishments," I said cheerfully. "A man like Bill looks for something more than good passing shots in a wife. Athletic prowess," I said, "isn't it with a sweet, lovely nature?"

Privately, however, I was forced to admit that a love affair in which one party was unaware of the existence of the other party was bound to move slowly. I thought a moment.

"Tell you what," I said, struck by an idea, "you might gain his love by extending yourself to be even kinder to animals. Start a Sunday Breakfast Club for Centipedes, or something of that sort."

She shook her head hopelessly. "Gwendolyn is trying that angle. All put on, of course. At golf," she said tremulously, "she never puts until she has helped the ants out of the cup with a blade of grass. And yesterday she wouldn't use her fast serve for fear of injuring some gnats."

"Telling blows," I admitted. "I wouldn't have believed her capable of such treachery."

There was a short silence. "Speaking of treachery," I said thoughtfully, "what about framing her? A few spiders, dead of unknown causes, on her sun-porch. Her initialled handkerchief found nearby—"

"Oh, no! We couldn't." "Well then, look," I said. "Bill is a scientist. All great men owe everything to their wives. Well-known fact. Why not start early? Help him with his work, I mean."

Of Mice and Molly

Continued from page 3

Get him some—what are those things he's studying?"

"Molluscs." "All right. Get him some molluscs."

"Good idea," said Molly. "I'll do it."

That afternoon, about an hour after lunch, Bill was on his way out the front door, with his tennis racket tucked under his arm, when Molly staggered in the back door.

"Oh, Bill," she called, "I've brought you a bucket of oysters."

He came back and helped her lift the bucket to the kitchen table.

"I happened to be out on the rocks," gasped Molly, "and as I had this bucket with me I thought you might like some oysters to study."

"Well, well," said Bill, peering into the bucket. "Thanks, Molly. Only I wish you hadn't gone to all that trouble."

"It wasn't the least trouble," said Molly. "I'm really fascinated by oysters and so forth. I've often thought I'd like to study them myself."

Molly was shelling peas when I came into the kitchen and spotted the oysters.

"Nice-looking mess," I observed humbly.

"Yes," said Molly. "Aren't they?"

I had my hand in the table drawer, fishing for the oyster knife, but the tone of this remark brought me up sharply. Its lack of enthusiasm, in the presence of a bucket of oysters, was unlike Molly, who is nearly as rabid about sea food as I am.

"Something wrong?" I asked. "No," said Molly, glumly. "Nothing wrong. Except that those aren't eating oysters."

"But why not?"

"Because," said Molly, "they're the ones I got for Bill. To study. Your idea. Remember?"

"Oh, is that all?" I said, relieved.

"In that case I believe I'll eat one or two. Several. Half a bucket. The other half bucket is for you, of course. Bill's book will merely come out one day later."

"We can't. They have to go back to their families," said Molly bitterly. I started violently.

"Families? Oysters have no families," I said.

"Ha!" said Molly. "Tell Bill that."

There was a short pause.

"Has he seen the bucket?" I asked.

"He has."

"But not counted them?"

"No-o-o."

"Ah!" I said triumphantly, pulling two chairs up to the table. "Then suppose we have a small one apiece."

"Oh, we mustn't," said Molly. "Oh, no. We can't. Can we?"

"We had a small one apiece."

"Not bad," said Molly.

"Lovely! Was the tide coming in or going out?"

"Coming in."

"The best time to get oysters."

"Or it might have been going out."

"Equally good. My, such a lovely juice."

"Tang of the sea."

"Yes."

"Wouldn't taste salt on these."

"No. Not salt. Pepper, perhaps."

Molly got the pepper.

"We've eaten quite a lot," Molly said, ten minutes later, peering into the bucket. "Do you think Bill will notice?"

"Highly unlikely."

"Well, then. One more apiece."

At this point I had an inspiration.

"Let's put some crumpled newspaper in the bottom of the bucket."

I suggested. "It will lift the oysters up higher and look like more."

We spent some moments in rearranging the bucket's contents.

"Why, it looks like a brand-new full bucket," said Molly, happily.

"Just pass me that knife, will you?"

We settled down to eating. Several times we ate too many and had to add more crumpled newspaper.

"Let's have just one more each," said Molly, finally, "and that's all."

On putting my hand in the bucket, however, I found it to be filled mostly with crumpled newspaper. After some scrabbling round I found one oyster.

"Only one oyster left," I reported.

"The bucket seems to be full of crumpled newspaper."

"One oyster?" repeated Molly, horrified. "We've eaten all the oysters?"

"Except this one," I nodded, playing the oyster knife. "Here, you might as well have it."

"Oh, no. I couldn't. You—"

At that moment there was a clatter on the front porch, and the front door opened.

"Oh," said Molly, wringing her hands, "it's Bill."

A chill came over me like a wet bathing-suit. Trapped! At any moment Bill would appear to claim his little chums, the oysters. I thought wildly of rushing out to the rocks, gathering another bucket of oysters, and rushing back. Not enough time.

"Tell him it was a mercy killing," I urged hoarsely. "Oysters despondent—minds gone—their lives hopeless—"

Molly shook her head.

"I've got it," I whispered. "The oysters died in their sleep—happy—peaceful—"

"Do you smell oysters?" asked Molly suddenly. "Here, let me smell your breath."

I haunched at her.

"Gracious!"

Molly darted into the pantry and reappeared almost at once. I noticed that her breath smelled quite strongly of cloves.

"Here," she said. "Chew these up."

And she gave me a handful of cloves. I stuffed them into my mouth as Bill hove up.

His manner as he greeted us seemed a trifle reserved. I had shifted my position to block him at the doorway, hoping to obstruct his view. But I got the impression that he was squinting over my head at the kitchen table, where lay a scene reminiscent of the worst orgies of ancient Rome.

Fortunately, I had had time to concoct a fairly plausible little story involving a rival naturalist. (This rival naturalist, envious of Bill's success with oysters, had been hanging round the place in odd clothes, watching his chance. Work of a moment for this rival naturalist to slip in, study the oysters, eat them, and make good his escape!)

"Hawo," I said, speaking with difficulty on account of the cloves. "Hab a good tennis game?"

"Satisfactory," said Bill, shortly, "except for the rain."

"Rain? What rain?"

"The same rain you see just beyond that window."

"Is it raining?"

"It is."

I swallowed some cloves.

"Ah," said I. "That accounts for your being home early."

"Yes," said Bill. "But what accounts for that pile of oyster shells on the kitchen table?"

"Oyster shells?"

"A rather large pile, or mound."

"Are you sure they're oyster shells?" asked Molly uneasily.

"Quite sure," said Bill, frostily. "I have devoted some time to the study of shellfish, and I have advanced to the point where I can tell oyster shells when I see them."

He walked over to the table and sat down. I sat down too, and inspected the shells narrowly.

"Looks like the work of a rival naturalist," I hazarded. "Come to think of it, I saw a ruffian-looking character skulking around the outside of the house, carrying a microscope."

I broke off as a piercing undulating scream came from the front part of the house. It was the kind of scream ordinarily heard only in horror films, when the heroine happens to run across one of the doctor's experiments that got loose.

"Gwendolyn!" cried Bill, springing up. "Something has her!"

The workings of Fate (continued the captain) are inscrutable. It is a curious coincidence that the same storm that chased Bill and Gwendolyn home early from the tennis courts should also have been the instrument that brought Jennie to Sea View guest-house.

Jennie was a field mouse, and she was trotting home through the sand and tough sea grass, hoping to reach her nice warm burrow ahead of the oncoming storm.

The first big raindrops spattered down as Jennie came opposite Sea View guest-house. The front door was open. Many mice, confronted by such a dilemma, would have wasted valuable time squeaking and running about. Not Jennie. Without any hesitation she scuttled up the front steps, through the door, and into the big hall.

Please turn to page 28

On world fashion jaunt



FROM PARIS Miss Rhyl Hooper, who studied fashion and design on a world tour, brought these tartan spats, by Motynaux, which she says are as comfortable as they are decorative.

FROM AMERICA come the notions of pinning jewels on a wide cummerbund and of the birthday tablet bracelet (on the right wrist) with a stone set against month of birth. Other jewellery is French enamel and gold.

Queenslander sought style ideas in museums and salons

During 14 months abroad studying design, Miss Rhyl Hooper, of Brisbane, who returned home recently, was a student at the Fifth Avenue Fashion Academy, New York, and spent as much time as she could sketching at the famous Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute.

NORMALLY the Institute charges £33 before a visitor is allowed to take any costume out of the library.

But when the librarian heard that Miss Hooper was from Australia and was eager to make the most of her four months' stay in New York, she waived the payment.

Payment of the £33 would permit anyone to continue to take out costumes for sketching for a year, but it must be paid before taking even one.

"This costume library is fascinating, and has tremendous possibilities for research. It is typical of the United States' approach to fashion that such a fashion laboratory should have been established," said Miss Hooper.

"In Europe you go to art galleries and museums for your inspiration, and make sketches as best you can, standing in front of cases or pictures.

"But at the costume library you have your own private little sound-proof room to work in, with a dress-maker's model for the gown.

"Big designers, such as Hattie Carnegie, make great use of it.

"One of the costumes I noticed was a late 17th-century walking-costume, brown with black braid trimming.

"When I got to Paris I found in the collections black being teamed with brown as a new note in high fashion.

"The American craze for butterflies and Bowers scattered on nylon stockings is a current fashion, no doubt inspired by a pair of shocking-pink stockings I saw at the Institute, which were worn at the Court of Louis XV. Over them were scattered bees made of the finest black beads."

Gowns and accessories in the Costume Institute are frequently the gift of women who were once reigning beauties in New York society.

While Miss Hooper was in New York there were big showings of Sargent and Whistler pictures, and, to tie up with these, the Institute put on shows of actual costumes worn by the women who had sat for the famous painters.

At the Fifth Avenue Academy Rhyl Hooper found that a lot of the pupils were middle-aged American

women who had reared their families and found they had nothing to occupy them, so had taken up dress designing as a hobby.

The Academy teaches sketching, design, draping, and cutting.

As well as seeing the collections of all the famous New York, London, and Paris designers, Miss Hooper travelled extensively in Europe.

She thinks pictures by the old masters are responsible for the loveliest color blendings, particularly in the new muted tonings.

After seeing in the Christian Dior parades his sari-inspired styles, Miss Hooper made a point while in Bombay, on her way home, of buying a magnificent sari for herself, to make into an evening gown, and is arranging to import them to make gowns for her clients.

"With these gowns, of course, the ideal thing is genuine silver Indian jewellery. But I was told in the Bombay shops that that type of jewellery is 'finished'—instead, all the jewellery is being gilded to conform with latest Parisian ideas," Miss Hooper said.



FROM AMERICA. Gabardine suit dressed up with Motynaux bag and scarf of tartan taffeta, and gloves trimmed to match.

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1 It's made in an instant

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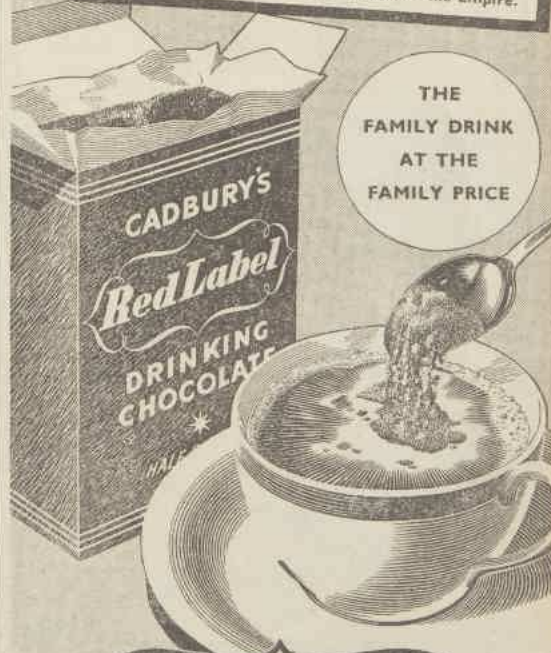
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Red Label DRINKING CHOCOLATE

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FROM BOMBAY Miss Hooper brought this magnificent gold-bordered sari, which she drapes into an evening gown to wear with Indian sandals and silver bangles.



FROM SWITZERLAND came this white fleecy wool hood, designed by Lenore to look pretty and attractive and keep out alpine breezes.

They're so much Smarter . . .

THEY COST SO MUCH LESS "

SAYS THE

Glorowin Girl



3-piece set, lace and swami.
All lingerie colors, all sizes.



Beribboned lace and
swami nightg. All
lingerie colors, all sizes.



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trimmed swami. All
lingerie colors, all sizes.



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"If anybody says anythin', we can always say we didn't see the sign."

It seems to me...

IF anyone thinks my picture is changed too often, I would remind them that there's an American woman writer who every week has a portrait of herself wearing a different hat.

I imagine she has an expense account to cover the hats, but I have never been able to interest anyone round here in the idea of buying me 48 hats a year.

(I wouldn't require any, I pointed out generously, for my four weeks' holiday, for which I annually boil up the same canvas model.)

Several readers wrote expressing kind, but firm, disapproval of the last picture. In fact, one said it made me look like an aunt—which, of course, I am—and if anyone would care to see some snapshots of my nephews...

To get back to the point, staff photographer Jack Hickson didn't like the last one either, and has now made another attempt to turn me into a kind of Hedy Lamarr with glasses.

But he says he doesn't want weekly sittings, thank you. Once in six months is enough.

An American scientist says that the earth is slowing down.

What a relief, I thought it was me.

SCHIAPARELLI'S new beach cape, which can be converted into a tent for undressing, sounds a diverting novelty.

It has tent pegs which fix the hem to the ground, and the wearer's body serves as the centre pole.

As a solution to the food, clothing, and shelter problem this seems admirable. Combining clothing and shelter as it does, it appears only to need chocolate buttons to include the whole three.

Hikers may be interested, though they may balk at sleeping upright, which, being the tentpole, would be necessary. As an adept at sleeping upright in trams, buses, ferries, theatres, and picture shows, I think it could be done.

SIR GEOFFREY TAYLOR, 63-year-old British scientist visiting Australia, sounds like a happy, as well as a brilliant, man.

Sir Geoffrey is an expert on aeronomics, the atomic bomb, and is the inventor of the lightweight anchor used in the Mulberry invasion harbours.

He's off to New Guinea to solve a little problem that's interested him for a long time—how the natives sail their outrigger canoes against the wind.

He told reporters that his interest was personal rather than scientific; the matter had intrigued him for years.

That's why I think Sir Geoffrey must be happy. Here is a distinguished scientist who has been busy for a lifetime on all sorts of important projects.

At an age when most people have long abandoned hope of learning anything fresh, he still has his curiosity—intact as when, a small boy, he wanted to know "why?"

That is the true scientific mind, and a very admirable possession it is.

THE man who has invented a penny-in-the-slot doorbell thinks it will help to keep salesmen away.

I doubt it. The salesman can still knock or shout, and what opens the front door isn't the noise of the demand for entry, but the curiosity of the householder.

There are, I believe, some people who can bear to let a telephone ring unanswered. But not many. Who knows, this time it may be the call to tell you you've come into a fortune...



Dorothy Drain

By

RAILWAYS have a chance now to pick up their lag in popularity for long distance travel.

The rise in air fares has made a few prospective interstate travellers wonder whether the lower cost of train travel might not compensate for a mouthful of coal dust.

On a return trip between, for example, Brisbane and Sydney, first-class train fares with sleepers are now about 24 cheaper than the air fare.

"They would need to be," many a disillusioned train traveller will reply, while the airways are quick to point out that you don't have any expenditure on meals, tips, and reading matter in planes.

Personally, I could endure the trains if one could have a sleeping berth all the way. Nothing would suit me better than to retire into a coma on departure and emerge on arrival.

I leave the railway authorities to work out how to carry a paying load of passengers in a prone position, but if they'd like any other suggestions, here they are: Breakfast (and other meals) in bed; periscope mirrors for top-berth occupants who like to see the scenery; and free sleeping tablets for restless customers.

THE full horror of modern civilisation was suddenly borne in on me the other day when reading an American short story.

It wasn't the plot or the characters. It was a remark of the hostess, having unexpected guests for luncheon, and saying to her daughter: "Don't forget to see that the soap and towels match in the bathroom."

Some people, I know, think such notions are pretty conceits. I think they're pure bosh.

Don't tell me it's trams, telephones, and atom bombs that unthine the minds of civilised people. It's the accumulation of such self-imposed burdens as matching soap and towels.

THE small boys who have been selling worms to the Melbourne Zoo to feed the platypus are learning economics the hard way.

At first the Zoo paid 4/- a 2lb. jar for worms, but the appetite of the platypus was not equal to the energy of the small boys, and now the price has been reduced by half.

If some of the little boys knew more of the great world they would band themselves into a company, buy out their competitors, and corner the market in worms.

Then, by judicious withholding of their stocks until the platypus was hungry, they could force the price upwards.

When the moment was ripe they could sign a long-term contract with the Zoo, and become Worm Purveyors Incorporated, employing their former rivals as diggers.

Never mind, they will learn these things in time.

THE Government's broadcast lessons in English for displaced person migrants are a good idea.

Their timing—7.5 to 7.15 a.m. on Saturdays and 7.45 to 8 a.m. on Sundays—is obviously chosen to avoid incursion into the majority's listening time.

"Early words," they should call them.

NOW is the day and the hour, let's seize it!

See how the sun shines across the blue waters,
Gaily the breeze stirs and ruffles the flowers,
Quickening the pulses of all Eve's daughters.

Nature conspires with us, waste not a minute!
Perfect the weather for poets and lovers.
Time will not stop, but the moment's upon us!
This is the day for washing the covers.



Gemey... Superlative Cosmetics of Rare Fragrance...

You can now be sure of securing enough of your treasured Gemey Cosmetics—fragrant guardians of your loveliness.

At last, sufficient of the matchless Gemey ingredients have become available to Richard Hudnut... to enable your favourite supplier to fulfil your requirements of these distinguished preparations.



Gemey

Face Powder, Perfume,
Vanishing Cream, Rouge, Tal-
cum, Cucumber Cleansing
Lotion, Brillantine.

CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

G1.82.49



"Listen to dat Mozart!"

I train to the strains of d' classics! Even in d' wrestling ring I gotta hear d' music. Dat little portable don't ever leave my side. Just listen to dat Mozart. Or is it angels' harps I'm hearin' thru the buzzin' in d' head... Lissen!

Lissen to one last word. Always keep Eveready Mini-Max batteries in y' portable. Dose liddle Mini-Max batteries are fightin' fit an' powerful right through to d' last round. Dey got extra lift. Day got extra punch. Ouch!

*Underneath that
flowery hat...*



Many a husband is deceived into thinking that women have no interest outside their home and clothes... that such things as finance are out of their world. However, the average housewife, who balances her weekly budget, has a far better financial brain than many a business executive! That is why women should know something about this business of Life Assurance, which affects them so vitally.

Life Assurance enables a man to make provision for a definite sum of money to be paid by the Life Office upon his death or when he reaches a particular age.

But there is even more to it than this! By the careful investment of your premiums your Life Offices earn extra profits which are added to the sum for which you are assured. These additional benefits are known as bonuses... they are the "plus" in your policy.

At the same time, these premiums which have been invested for your benefit are also aiding the development of Australia. That is why...

THREE MILLION POLICYHOLDERS...
SEVEN AND A HALF MILLION AUSTRALIANS, BENEFIT BY

LIFE ASSURANCE

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B/222

Cancer need not kill...

The most terrible, the most inexorable killer in our modern civilisation is cancer, and your first line of defence in the war against it is early diagnosis of any malignant condition in your body. Although scientists and researchers are working night and day in laboratories all over the country to find causes and treatments of cancer, science and medicine must still depend upon the alertness of the individual for success in their all-out effort to curb the growing cancer death-rate.

This article is made up of 101 questions and answers. The questions have been collected by the Public Education Department of the American Cancer Society from family doctors, from discussions that follow lectures on cancer and showings of cancer-control films, and from queries made at American Cancer Society information centres and health exhibits. The answers have been supplied by the nation's leading cancer specialists.

The first purpose of printing these questions and answers is to emphasise the need for constant vigilance; the second, to help dispel the needless fear that often besets people who for one reason or another suspect that they have been or may be subject to cancer—fear that may be strong enough to keep them from seeing a doctor while there is still a chance for complete recovery.

Your peace of mind, and your continued health, may lie in your familiarity with the facts contained in the answers to these 101 questions.

101 QUESTIONS ABOUT CANCER

1. What is cancer?

Cancer is a disorderly growth of cells of the body's tissues. It is not governed by the laws which control the growth of normal cells. If it is not destroyed or removed, it never ceases to grow and eventually causes death.

2. What is the difference between normal and cancerous growth?

Normal growth begins when the fertilised egg or ovum divides into two cells, and it continues, under the control of natural body forces, until maturity is reached. Thereafter growth takes place only to replace injured or worn-out tissue.

Cancer arises when a cell or group of cells begins to grow in a wild, disorderly manner. The cells of this disorderly growth do not respond to the controls which keep normal cells in check. They force their way among the normal cells in the vicinity, and later spread to other parts of the body. This uncontrolled cell growth is cancer.

3. Is cancer contagious or infectious?

As cancer is not due to a germ, it is neither contagious nor infectious. There is no record in medical literature of physicians or nurses having got cancer from their patients despite the most intimate contact with them. A person can no more "catch" cancer from another than he can "catch" the color of his eyes.

4. Is cancer a blood disease?

No. The only part blood plays in cancer is that of a mechanical carrier of the cancer cells from one part to another of the patient's body. However, cancer may develop in certain tissues which form the cells of the blood.

5. How does cancer spread through the body?

In three ways. (1) Cancer cells grow through the walls of blood vessels and are carried by the blood stream to distant parts of the body. (2) They enter the lymphatic stream in a similar manner and are carried to nearby lymph glands. (3) The cancer cells grow directly from one tissue into another.

6. How fast does cancer grow?

There is no definite rate of growth of cancer tissue. Some types will grow more in a few weeks than other types will in several years.

7. Is cancer a single disease?

No. The term "cancer" includes all forms of malignant growth. Very many varieties are known. These have certain characteristics in common, such as uncontrolled growth, tendency to spread widely in the body and fatal termination if not treated early and adequately. They differ in certain characteristics, such as location in the body, microscopic appearance, and response to treatment. Their histories of development may be quite dissimilar and it is probable that the conditions which may precede them also differ greatly.

8. Are all tumors cancerous?

No. Tumors are of two kinds—benign (usually harmless) and malignant or cancer.

9. What is the difference between a benign and a malignant growth?

Benign growths usually have a limiting membrane and push aside the cells of the tissue in which they are found. They never spread to other parts of the body. Malignant cells grow between normal cells, infiltrating the tissues by means of rootlike extensions. Unless adequately treated, cancer cells "colonise" (metastasize) to other parts of the body.



Is it
cancer?

10. How can we tell if a growth is cancer?

By pathological examination of a small portion of the suspected tissue under the microscope. In advanced cases, physical examination alone of the patient may give the diagnosis. However, when this is possible the growth is often too far advanced to offer much hope of a cure.

11. What is the difference between sarcoma and carcinoma?

The difference is chiefly one of appearance under the microscope and the locations where they grow. Sarcomas are found in connective tissue, carcinomas in epithelial or lining tissue. Both are cancer. Sarcoma is seen more often in younger age groups.

12. Are cancer and leprosy related?

No. Leprosy is a chronic, infectious, contagious disease caused by a germ. While cancer is a chronic disease, it is neither infectious nor contagious and its cause is obscure.

13. Can lower animals develop cancer?

Yes. Cancer may be found in all forms of life, both plant and animal.

14. What causes cancer?

The essential cause is unknown. Many factors are involved, but the most common is some form of chronic or prolonged irritation. This irritation may be of several kinds, as chemical, thermal (heat), or mechanical, as friction.

15. Is cancer caused by a germ?

There is no definite scientific evidence that cancer in humans is caused by a germ.

16. Does cancer come from a single bruise?

A type of bone cancer may rarely result from a single severe injury. It is believed that a single injury to soft tissue, such as the breast, will not cause cancer to develop.

17. What is the relation of food to cancer?

In certain individuals, vitamin B deficiency may result in changes in certain tissues, particularly of the mouth and lips, which may ultimately become cancerous. In general, however, so far as is known, no food or combination of foods has any influence on the cause or cure of cancer.

18. Will irregularity in eating cause cancer of the stomach?

There is no scientific evidence that it will, since cancer of the stomach occurs in people who eat regularly the most healthful foods.

19. Does eating hot foods cause cancer?

There is little evidence that the temperature of food is an important factor in the development of cancer.

20. Does the use of alcohol bear any relation to cancer of the stomach?

Not so far as is known. Alcohol may have an unfavorable effect on stomach tissues of some persons, but no more so than other substances taken into the stomach with food or drink.

Early treatment can avert loss of life

Don't be afraid to read this article!

• You will not be caused needless anxiety or fear by this article; it has a positive message and approach. It consists of answers by the best medical authorities to the questions most frequently asked about cancer; and reading them may someday save your life.

21. Is cancer hereditary in human beings?

There are probably inherited tendencies to form cancer of different types. Since, however, the method of inheriting such tendencies is obscure and undoubtedly complex, the presence of cancer in one or both parents should be merely a cause of greater alertness on the part of the individual, in looking for and recognising suspicious conditions. There is no need of fear or of a fatalistic attitude. The facts do not justify them.

22. Can cancer be transmitted by kissing or casual contact between persons or between persons and animals?

No. There is no authentic record of cancer having been transmitted by kissing or by any contact, accidental or otherwise, either between persons or between persons and animals.

23. Do corns ever become cancerous?

Cancer may occur in any tissue of the body, but since a corn consists entirely of non-vital cells it could not in itself develop cancer.



Freckles and moles

24. Do freckles ever turn into cancer?

Simple freckles do not. However, flat moles containing certain pigment of a bluish-black color and looking like dark freckles may become cancers and should be checked periodically.

25. Do haemorrhoids turn into cancer?

No. Haemorrhoids are enlarged veins in the rectal wall. Cancer is occasionally found in the tissue above the haemorrhoids, so "bleeding piles" should be examined carefully to determine whether cancer is present.

26. Can one's mental condition influence the course of cancer?

Not so far as is known. One's mental condition has no effect on the course of the disease since this malignant change is apparently due to physical rather than mental processes.

27. How can one guard against cancer?

By preventing, so far as possible, prolonged irritation to any part of the body. Specifically, protection from over-exposure to the sun and wind, prompt repair to all birth injuries to the womb, permitting the breasts to function normally, repair of jagged teeth, avoidance of ill-fitting dental plates, self-control in

using tobacco, correction of chronic constipation—in short, elimination of unnecessary abuse of any tissue is a commonsense method of helping to guard against cancer.

28. What is meant by a "pre-cancerous lesion"?

Any abnormal condition that, if permitted to continue, may develop into cancer.

29. What are some of the more important pre-cancerous lesions?

White spot disease on mucous membranes, especially of the mouth; dry, scaly, itching patches on the skin, particularly the face; sores caused by jagged teeth and ill-fitting dental plates; dark-colored moles subject to irritation; unrepaired injuries due to childbirth. These should all be investigated by a physician.

30. What precautions should be taken to avoid cancer of the mouth?

Keep the mouth clean and get prompt medical attention for the oral lesions mentioned above.

31. What precautions should be taken to avoid cancer of the skin?

Dark-colored moles and warts, if subject to irritation, should be removed. Itching, scaly patches on the skin should be treated before they become open sores. Fair-skinned people, especially, should avoid continuous over-exposure to direct sun rays. Recurrent fever blisters on the lip should be carefully examined.

32. Should all moles be removed?

No. A flat, colorless mole is probably as harmless as a freckle. Bluish-black hairless moles, especially when subject to irritation, should be removed. Any mole or wart showing change in size or color should be promptly and completely removed and the removed tissue examined by a pathologist to determine if cancer is present.

33. Can immunity to cancer be acquired as with diphtheria or typhoid fever?

Production of immunity is possible only in diseases caused by germs. As cancer is not in this class, immunity cannot be developed against it.

34. Why do many people wait before consulting a physician when cancer may be present or suspected?

Primarily because of fear or ignorance of the signs of cancer and of the vital importance of securing treatment early. Some people also think it is a social disgrace to have cancer and so hide the fact from their physicians and often from friends and relatives. This is not a justifiable attitude.



The best defence against cancer is thorough periodic physical examinations by a doctor. Treatment in the early stages of the disease is more likely to be successful.

35. Can a tuberculous person ever have cancer?

He can. The presence of tuberculosis or any other disease gives no assurance that cancer may not also develop.

36. Why don't white corpuscles in the blood kill cancer cells?

The chief function of white blood corpuscles is to protect the body against bacteria or germs. They kill germs and combat infection. They have no effect on cancer cells.

37. How can we control cancer?

First, by a prompt visit to a physician when suspicious signs or symptoms appear. Intelligent alertness by the individual may well save his life.

Second, by having complete annual physical examinations. Women over thirty-five should be examined twice a year.

Third, by the physician's "high index of suspicion" of cancer in all patients.

Fourth, by diagnosis at the earliest possible moment, followed by adequate treatment.

Fifth, by a widespread knowledge, both lay and professional, of the character of cancer, its causes, methods of spreading, the value of early diagnosis and adequate treatment, and means of protection.

38. How can you tell if you have cancer without seeing a doctor?

You cannot. A regular thorough physical check-up by your family physician is your best guard against cancer, plus an examination when one of the seven danger signals or warnings mentioned below appears. You are the first line of defence against cancer because you, and you alone, can recognise a danger signal and heed its warning.

39. What are some of the early signs of cancer?

There are seven common ones. They are often called the Seven Danger Signals of Cancer.

1. Any sore that does not heal.

2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. An unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

You should go at once to a doctor upon the appearance of any one of them. Memorise this list.



How to detect it

40. Is pain an early symptom of cancer?

No, except in a cancer of bone or nerve tissue. Pain usually is a late symptom and when it comes the growth is often far advanced.

41. Why should cancer be diagnosed and treated early?

The sooner it is found the less likely it is to have spread to other parts of the body where successful removal is impossible.

42. How long is it safe to wait after suspicious symptoms appear before consulting a physician?

Any delay is dangerous. Go at once to a doctor and ask for a thorough examination.

43. Why are periodic examinations necessary?

Through periodic examinations cancer may be detected in its early stages, before the individual has noticed any sign or symptom in himself.

44. What should comprise a thorough physical examination?

Careful inspection of the entire body surface. Heart, blood vessel and lung examination. Examina-

tion by sight and touch of accessible organs, such as the mouth, nostrils, ears, throat, chest, breasts, womb, and rectum. Examination of stomach and intestines by X-ray when indicated. Microscopic examination of blood, urine, and any suspected tissue. In women, special examination of the breasts. Other examinations as indicated — eye, bladder, and prostate.

45. Is bleeding always a sign of cancer?

No, but bleeding should be promptly and carefully investigated to determine if it is due to cancer. A small percentage of bleeding nipples are due to cancer. Bleeding from other body openings, as rectum or bladder, should be carefully investigated to rule out cancer. Unnatural vaginal bleeding, especially after the change of life, is always suspicious.

46. Does blood in bowel movements indicate cancer?

Movements streaked with bright blood or the occurrence of black or "tarry" stools should have prompt and thorough investigation. The assumption that rectal bleeding is merely due to haemorrhoids, or piles, is most dangerous since such bleeding may be due to a multiplicity of causes, including cancer, which require prompt treatment.

47. Does blood in the urine indicate cancer?

It may, but it may also be caused by conditions other than cancer. A careful examination is essential to rule it out.

48. Is it true that cancer generally develops among people in poor health?

There is no known relation between the status of one's health and the development of cancer. Regular check-ups by your physician at your request provide the best safeguard against cancer as well as against other types of disease.

Continued on page 19

'OVALTINE'

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR FOOD BEVERAGE HAS ALWAYS CONTAINED VITAMINS

It is now *Fortified*

by a Special Process which permits the addition of Extra Quantities

In addition to Malt, Milk and Eggs, Delicious 'OVALTINE' now gives you—

Extra VITAMIN 'A'

—for improving the eyesight and resistance to certain diseases.

Extra VITAMINS 'B'

—B1, B2, and Niacin—for enabling foods to be better utilised and for making nervous and muscular activity more efficient.

Extra VITAMIN 'D'

—essential for assimilation of calcium (for strong bones and teeth).

Extra IRON

—providing an essential ingredient for healthy blood.

Extra CALCIUM

—combines with phosphorus to make strong bones and teeth; prevents rickets and dental decay; essential for nursing mothers.



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TO DRINK YOUR
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FORTIFIED
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AT CHEMISTS AND STORES
16 oz. TIN 4/6 . . . 8 oz. TIN 2/6
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Prices slightly higher in country areas.

THIS is indeed splendid news for every man, woman and child who seeks perfect health. For many years 'Ovaltine' has been the most popular food beverage in the world. It has always provided the maximum health-giving quality at the lowest possible price. Yet the Ovaltine Research Laboratories which have an international reputation have continued to explore the possibilities of further improvements. And now EXTRA quantities of five important vitamins and three essential mineral salts have been added to 'Ovaltine' in the form in which they can most readily be assimilated by the system.

The perfected 'Ovaltine' processes of manufacture (which cannot be used by others) ensure that all the vital elements of the original ingredients are retained unimpaired in the finished product. Health authorities throughout the world are agreed that there never has been any substitute for 'Ovaltine'. And now 'Ovaltine' is even better. Its famous qualities of restoring health, strengthening resistance to illness, building up the body and bringing deep, refreshing sleep have become even more effective. Give every member of your household the benefits of drinking Fortified Ovaltine at once. Start tonight!

PRODUCT OF A. WANDER LIMITED, DEVONPORT, TASMANIA

CANCER NEED NOT KILL

49. How can we diagnose cancer of the stomach?

The best method is X-ray. The outline of the interior of the stomach when filled with a dense substance, as barium sulphate, will often give clues to the presence of cancer. Certain chemical tests of stomach contents are sometimes of value. In late stages a lump may often be felt through the body wall.

50. Are all hospitals equipped to diagnose and treat all kinds of cancer?

No. To be adequately equipped for this purpose a hospital must have an operating-room; a laboratory for the microscopic diagnosis of tissue; X-ray equipment suitable for diagnosis and for treatment; and must own or have access to a sufficient quantity of radium. To make equipment effective there must be physicians adequately trained in its use.

51. Is cancer more frequent among negroes than among whites?

Proportionately fewer cancer deaths are reported among negroes than among whites, but this perhaps is due to poor reporting of the disease.



How to treat it

52. How should cancer be treated?

By surgery, X-ray, or radium, or a combination of the three in the earliest possible stage of the disease.

53. Are X-ray treatments good for all kinds of cancer?

No. Treatment depends on type and location of the growth. Some cancers will not respond to X-ray or radium treatment, but must be treated by surgery or other means, as certain hormones or isotopes.

54. What is the difference in the action of X-ray and radium on cancer tissue?

There is no essential difference. When properly used both will destroy cancer cells without seriously injuring the normal cells with which they come in contact.

55. How is radium used?

Radium in hollow needles is inserted into the cancerous growth or in the tissue surrounding it, or both, and removed after treatment is concluded. Radium in a suitable container may be placed in contact with the growth, as in cancer of the skin. In larger quantities it may be used at a distance from the body, the rays passing through an opening in the container into the cancerous growth. The emanating gas of radium, known as radon, in suitable containers may be used in the same manner as the radium salt from which it is obtained.

56. Why is radium so expensive to use?

No less than 5.9 tons of a mineral which is half uranium must be processed to extract a single gram of radium. To extract a pound, 2680 tons of such a mineral would be required. As minerals containing radium are not often this rich, in actual practice a yield of one gram of radium in 10 tons of ore is considered very good, and even minerals which yield only one gram to 200 tons are processed. It is therefore not surprising that the price of radium is about 20,000 dollars per gram.

57. Do surgical or radiation treatments spread cancer?

No. On the contrary, such treatments tend to limit the spread of cancer.

Continued from page 17

58. Can the spread of cancer be stopped or retarded temporarily?

At times it can. Certain cancerous growths, hopeless from the standpoint of cure, may be controlled temporarily by proper treatment. Sooner or later, however, these growths may fail to respond to further treatment.

59. What should a person do who thinks he may have cancer?

Go to his physician at once for a thorough physical examination.

60. Is cancer curable only in the early stages?

Yes, in the large majority of cases. At times, however, cures have been obtained after the cancers have been present for a considerable time. The type of cancer always has an important bearing on its curability.

61. How long will an untreated cancer patient live?

This will differ with each individual case, and with the location and type of cancer.

62. Is it ever possible to state that a cancer has been completely cured? If so, how much time must pass before the "cure" is recognised?

After a cancer patient has been treated and has remained free of recurrence of disease for a period of five years, the chances for re-appearance of the tumor are extremely small. (In a few rare instances cancer has recurred eight, ten, or twenty years later, so that a semi-annual physical examination is a must for these patients.)

63. If you have been cured of cancer can you develop another cancer? In the same place? In some other part of the body?

Yes. Regardless of a patient's past medical history, including the treatment of a previous cancer, he should be examined at regular intervals. Because of the tendency for cancer to reappear at the place of a previously existing growth or nearby, a patient should have a regular follow-up at least every six months. A new cancer may appear at the same place or in another part of the body.

64. Is there any known serum cure for cancer?

No. A serum is of value only against a disease due to a germ.

65. Is it ever safe to rely on salves or medicine to "cure" cancer?

No. No paste or salve will penetrate the tissues far enough to destroy deep-seated cancer cells; neither is there any medicine that will destroy cancer cells without also injuring normal cells with which it comes in contact.

66. Is there any chemical that destroys cancerous tissue?

There is some evidence that a few chemical substances such as the nitrogen mustards (chemicals related to the poisonous mustard gas) partially destroy cancerous tissues in some forms of cancer and leukemia. These chemicals are not cures but may alleviate suffering and may prolong life.

67. Will ultra-violet or infra-red rays kill cancer cells?

No. These agents have no curative effect on cancer cells, even at high intensity over long periods of time.

68. Will hormones cure cancer?

This problem is still under investigation. There is a great deal of evidence to indicate that treatment by certain hormones may prolong life and alleviate pain and suffering

In certain cases of breast cancer in the female and of prostate cancer in the male. It is too early to state whether these hormones will cure cancer.

69. Will isotopes cure cancer?

So far, isotopes have proved of limited value in the treatment of cancer. However, a small percentage of thyroid cancers respond remarkably well to radioactive iodine, and certain cancers of the blood and blood-forming organs are quite favorably affected by radio-active phosphorus.

70. Are the results of cancer studies on animals applicable to human beings?

Experiments with animals are essential to test many theories concerning cancer. The nature of cancer in animals and man is so similar that principles discovered in one will undoubtedly prove to be of value in understanding the problem in the other. However, animal experiments always require careful checking to prove their relevance to cancer in human beings.

71. What is the latest and most successful of the recently reported cancer treatments?

While many "cures" are constantly being evaluated by many laboratories all over the country, surgery, X-ray treatments, and radium remain the chief weapons of the physicians' fight to cure cancer. Certain hormones and isotopes offer some promise of assistance in their fight, but it is much too early to call these in any form "cures."

72. Is any real progress being made in cancer research? Along what lines?

Real progress is being made in cancer research which has thrown much new light on the normal and abnormal growth processes. However, the goal of finding the cause of cancer and thus its prevention is still in the future. Avenues of investigation have recently opened up on all sides; in chemistry by a study of the hormones and the complex role they play; in physics by application of radioactive materials, and the development of X-rays at higher voltages; in surgery by more radical excision of tumors; and in the studies of enzymes, genetics, nutrition, cytochemistry, etc. Scientific disciplines of all types have been brought to the front in an all-out attack.



Cancer in men

73. Are cancers in men and women different?

There are no fundamental differences in cancers appearing in men and women.

74. What forms of cancer are more common in men than in women?

Cancer of the buccal cavity, pharynx, esophagus, stomach, rectum, larynx, bronchus, lung, kidney, bladder, skin, and brain are all more common in men than in women. Men alone, of course, have cancer of the prostate and male genital organs.

75. Does smoking cause cancer?

The relation of smoking to cancer of the mouth and lungs is uncertain. Therefore, it is best to play safe, and, if you smoke, to use tobacco in moderation.

76. Can cancer result from sexual intercourse?

No. There is no known relation between cancer and sexual activity on the part of the male or female.

Continued on page 21

Fashion Flashes

BY LUX

"Gala"

Dramatic as an opening night... this exclusive Lux knitted takes the limelight in any show. A provocative one-piece, fashioned to appear as a blouse and bolero! Lux care keeps such lovelies soft and shapely—not a sign of matting or shrinking.

A classic to "LIVE IN"

Dressy—but not dressed-up. Finely bred shirtmaker... belted... saddle-stitched... huge patch pockets. And because it's washable flannel, gentle Lux care will keep it the love of your life for seasons.

Mother wore tights...

but not like these. Nylon and wool... ted as danger... seemed like full-fashioned hose. Wonderful under slacks... ski pants. How to keep them fresh... fine... soft as down? Just Lux them, my pretties, that's all!

Beads on her toes!

The twinkle of beads on heel and toe... above them, slender silk-clad ankles. Nice to know that all stockings... silks, nylons, rayons... last TWICE as long if you whisk out perspiration with a nightly Lux dip instead of using harsh soaps.



THAT SMART LOOK... IT'S THE LUX LOOK

U.389.WW141

It feels warmer outside



when you're snug inside
Eagley NEVASHRINK

You won't miss the bus for quality, warmth or long wear when you invest your hard-earned cash in Eagley Nevashrink underwear. Made from the finest wool, and treated by the exclusive Eagley Nevashrink process, this famous brand is your positive guarantee of superior comfort and protection; also that your underwear will last longer, wash better and consequently retain its good looks throughout its longer years of life.

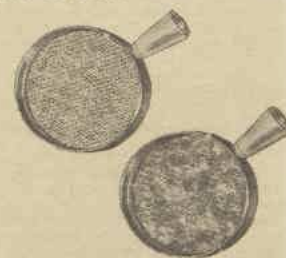
It pays to buy the best

Now, more than ever before, only the best will do, so it pays to ask for Eagley Nevashrink, the brand that stands for the finest in woollens and for lasting satisfaction in your purchase.

It's time to change to
Eagley NEVASHRINK

All Wool Underwear — Guaranteed Unshrinkable

AT ALL LEADING STORES



A WASH TUB MIRACLE

The photograph above left shows Eagley Nevashrink washed thoroughly in warm, soapy water. Compare it with the similarly treated ordinary woollen fabric shown in the right hand photograph.

Eagley Mills, Collingwood, Victoria — Distributors for Australia: Robert Reid & Co. Ltd.

CANCER NEED NOT KILL

77. Is cancer of the prostate common? At what age does it generally occur?

Yes, cancer of the prostate is one of the most common forms of cancer in older men. Men should be on guard against this form of cancer, especially as they approach sixty. A thorough physical examination, including a rectal examination, is the only way to discover this hidden cancer early enough for cure.



78. Do more women than men die of cancer?

Almost as many men die of cancer every year as women. In the United States 88,801 men as compared with 93,204 women died of cancer in 1946. Three factors combine to account for this difference: (1) There are a few more women than men in the population; (2) the female population is somewhat older on the average than the male population; and (3) the incidence of cancer is higher among females than males, due primarily to the high incidence of cancer of the breast and female generative organs.

79. Does cancer occur more frequently among married or unmarried women?

Reports from death certificates show that above the age of forty the cancer death-rate is higher among single women than among married women of the same ages. Single women have higher death-rates from cancer of the breast, and married women have more cancer of the uterus. Many physicians believe that nursing a child reduces the chances of cancer of the breast, and that injury at childbirth increases the risk of cancer of the uterus if proper medical attention is not received.

80. Is there danger in watching a lump in the breast to "see what happens"?

Yes, a very grave danger. Waiting to "see what happens" may permit a curable cancer to become incurable by spreading to other tissues.

81. Are all breast lumps cancerous?

Not more than a small percentage are cancer. Only by a careful pathological examination of the removed lump can it be definitely determined if it is cancer.

82. What precautions should be taken to avoid cancer of the breast?

Do not wear garments that press the breast tissue tightly against the chest wall. Every woman should have her breasts examined semi-annually by a physician. She should request her physician to instruct her in the proper technique for examining her own breasts in the erect and reclining positions and should examine her breasts once a month shortly after her period.

83. What precautions should be taken to avoid cancer of the uterus (womb)?

Have all birth injuries repaired within six months after they occur. Have all unusual vaginal discharges investigated. Up to the age of 35 have an annual examination; thereafter a semi-annual one. Bleeding after the change of life calls for a physician's examination at once.

84. Do uterine fibroids ever become cancerous?

Fibroid tumors only rarely undergo malignant change.

85. Can cancer develop in children? At what age?

No age is free from cancer. Certain forms of cancer are most often found in young children.

Continued from page 19

86. If a parent dies of cancer, are the children more likely to have the disease?

Practically, no. In many families where a parent has had cancer, the disease has not appeared in the children. Again, a person in whose family there is no record of cancer may develop it.

87. Once it has got a start, does cancer develop more quickly in children than in older people?

Probably not. The rate of growth at any age depends upon the type of cancer.

88. If detected in time, can cancer in a child be cured more quickly than in an adult?

The cure of cancer has little relation to age. It depends upon the extent of its growth at the time it is detected, and the adequacy of the treatment as well as the type of cancer.



Vital figures

89. Is cancer increasing?

The number of annual cancer deaths in the United States has increased from 41,000 in 1900 to 109,811 in 1947. The major reason is the growing number of older people in the population coupled with the fact that the cancer death-rate (the number of deaths per 100,000 of the population) rises very rapidly with age. Improved diagnosis and better reporting of deaths are other factors that help explain the increase. Cancer death-rates within specific age groups in men have tended to rise, but in recent years some of the rates for females within certain age groups have decreased.

90. How does cancer compare with other diseases as a cause of death?

It occupies second place, as seen from the following table of deaths from leading causes in the United States in 1947:

Heart Disease	460,580
Cancer	189,811
Cerebral Haemorrhage	131,039
Nephritis	80,288
Pneumonia and Influenza	61,836
Tuberculosis	48,064

91. At what age do cancer deaths occur most frequently?

The age distribution of cancer deaths in the United States in 1946 is shown herewith:

Age	Males	Females	Total
Under 5	353	294	647
5-14	391	326	717
15-24	749	636	1,285
25-34	1,373	2,381	3,754
35-44	3,775	7,988	11,763
45-54	11,993	16,465	28,458
55-64	23,128	22,468	45,596
65-74	27,026	23,894	50,920
75 & over	20,013	18,856	38,869
	88,801	93,204	182,005

92. How can cancer deaths be reduced?

By four means: (1) early diagnosis, the responsibility of the patient in having himself regularly checked by his physician and the responsibility of the physician in recognising the possibility of cancer and prompt referral for further diagnostic procedures and proper treatment; (2) adequate and prompt treatment, the responsibility of the physician who treats his patient for cancer; (3) discovery of newer and more effective means of treatment; and (4) the ultimate discovery of the cause of cancer. These last two must come from the research laboratories and the clinical investigator.

93. Is there any disgrace in having cancer?

No. There is no more disgrace in having cancer than in having a broken arm.

94. How can I go about locating the cancer detection centre nearest my home?

By inquiring from your family physician, or city or country health departments.

95. Where can I get the names of specialist qualified to treat particular kinds of cancer?

Your family doctor may refer you to a cancer clinic at your local hospital or to a specific physician with the best experience in treating your type of case.

96. Can I get proper cancer treatment in my small local hospital, or must I go to a large city?

This depends entirely upon the type of cancer you have, the adequacy of facilities for treatment in your area, and the experience of the physicians there. Each patient is a separate problem and must be treated individually.

97. How can I find the nearest hospital equipped to diagnose and treat cancer?

From the sources mentioned in answer No. 94.

98. Can a physician examine a patient thoroughly for cancer in his office, or is it necessary to go to a hospital?

An office examination should be sufficient unless by questioning or from his findings in his office your doctor feels you should go to the hospital for a more complete examination, such as by X-ray and blood tests.

99. Does cancer usually cost more to cure than other major diseases?

It often does. Here, again, it depends upon the type of cancer you have and how much must be done to treat it.

100. Why are quacks dangerous?

For the following reasons, among others:

1. Few quacks are medically trained; therefore, they have no fundamental knowledge about cancer.
2. They cause the patient to lose valuable time that should be used in getting proper treatment.
3. The pasties and "medicines" used by quacks have no value in curing cancer.
4. The quack takes the patient's money under false pretences, thus depriving him of means for obtaining competent treatment elsewhere.

101. How can I tell a quack from a reputable physician?

If a person advertises a cure, guarantees a cure, or employs a method of diagnosis or treatment not generally accepted or endorsed by the medical profession, he may be classed as a quack. No reputable, ethical physician will do any of these things.

THE BEST DEFENCE

The best defence against cancer lies in everyone having periodic, thorough physical examinations. For protection between examinations everyone should know of these Seven Danger Signals of Cancer and go at once to a doctor upon the first appearance of any of them.

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.



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Personally formulated by PEGGY SAGE in her New York Salon and used by distinguished women the world over, PEGGY SAGE will give you that added accent of exotic, glowing colour at your finger-tips... an added advantage is its long lasting quality—PEGGY SAGE is obtainable at all first class chemists and stores.

Fascinating Peggy Sage Colours:

Regency... Clover... Vintage...
Dark Fire... Victorian Rose...
Heartbreak... Naturelle... Plain

A.P. 2-18



On everybody's lips!

THE FINISHING TOUCH for a lovely lady is the smooth, clear-cut finish of Lournay Lipstick. Its satin texture is perfect. Any of the eight glorious shades will dramatize the curve of your lips and point a highlight to your smile.



LR-118A

Lipstick 6-7/8. Bottle 3/8.

Now Is THE TIME

to protect your
nervous system

the success of FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE in restoring fitness is the result of efficient assistance given daily to the nerves and brains.

It may interest you to know that many people are greatly benefited by taking FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE judging by the grateful letters we receive.

We recommend it especially for nervous exhaustion and resultant sleeplessness. It is suggested that to build and maintain fitness you take four drops of FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE each morning in a glass of warm or cold water. The weekly cost of this treatment is about 2d.

FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE contains no strychnine or injurious drugs.



FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE THE GREAT NERVE TONIC

Fisher & Co.

None genuine without this signature.

FISHER & CO. Homeopathic and Dispensing Chemists

554 George Street, SYDNEY.



"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!



Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film.

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
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- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!
Halo Quality guaranteed by Colgate

Our £3000 Cookery Contest



WINNER of £1000, first prize in last year's cookery contest, Mrs. Keith Morris, with youngest members of the household, Bill, aged one, and Susan, four. Mrs. Morris has two older children, and is the wife of a Melbourne bank clerk.

Standard of home-entertainment will be raised, hostesses say

Comments of leading public women and hostesses show an Australia-wide interest in the new Australian Women's Weekly £3000 cookery contest.

Most of them feel that the contest will do much towards giving a new zest to home entertaining, as well as being a wonderful guide to the inexperienced housekeeper.

WINNER of the £1000 first prize in our last year's contest, Mrs. Keith Morris, East Malvern, Victoria, says she assesses the value of the new contest by the help the last one gave to many housewives.

Wife of a Melbourne bank clerk and mother of four young children, Mrs. Morris' winning entry consisted of weekly menus for a family of four, budgeted to a food allowance of £4 5/- a week.

Mrs. Morris was overwhelmed with letters when her success was announced. Some were from critics, who maintained it was impossible to budget with so little money for a family of four, but most of the letters came from women who are struggling to bring up even larger families on very little more per week.

Mrs. Morris is still corresponding with housewives she has never met, but who write seeking advice on the acute problem of living as pleasantly as possible on a limited income.

Also, she is dealing with letters from English housewives, following the story of her win published as a feature story in the London "Daily Express" in February this year.

Mrs. Morris said most housewives open their hearts to her, confiding their housekeeping allowance, the number in the family, and requesting her to work out personal budgets for them.

Recently she compiled a £5-a-week budget for a family of three adults and six children.

Another letter came from a woman whose husband has a duodenal ulcer. She detailed "forbidden fruits" in her husband's diet, and asked Mrs. Morris to help her plan nourishing and interesting meals for him from the kind of food he was allowed to have.

Her thanks expressed in a later letter give some idea of the sincerity Mrs. Morris has shown in responding to S.O.S. calls from other housewives.

Mrs. Morris admits that running her own home leaves little time for answering correspondence, but says she was helped so much by winning the £1000 Budget Prize that she feels she has a duty to do whatever she can for other women.

"Winning the £1000 has meant

that for the first time since our marriage we haven't had to look twice at every penny," Mrs. Morris said. "We now have such comforts as a refrigerator, an electric mixer, and new vacuum-cleaner, which make the running of households so much easier."

As a matter of interest, Mrs. Morris hopes to enter this year's contest. With her engaging brood—year-old Bill, four-year-old Susan, John (8), and Wendy (10) — she thinks the children's party section is the most suitable for her to work on this time.

Mrs. John Collins, wife of First Naval Member Rear-Admiral John Collins, enthusiastically welcomes the contest as "great fun."

"It's more than a competition," she says. "It's a challenge to Australian women to really prove their skill as hostesses. It will do a great deal towards raising the standard of home entertaining, as well as being an incentive to regard meals as something more than just a part of the day's routine."

Competition thrills

PRESIDENT of the Melbourne Y.W.C.A., Mrs. T. C. Rentoul, said that Y.W.C.A. girls are most interested in the contest, as many of them attend lectures and cookery classes.

"The Y.W.C.A. believes that every girl should not only know how to plan and cook good plain meals, but that she should know how to make them interesting and original. Along with your readers, our girls will derive much help, inspiration, and enjoyment from the sharing of the ideas, experience, and skill of competitors," she said.

Mrs. Norman Welsh, who has just completed a two years' term as State President of the Country Women's Association in Victoria, says she is interested in the contest, because she commends any encouragement of good home cooking.

Mrs. I. K. James, President of the Western Australian Housewives' Association Incorporated, states:

"The majority of party recipes tend to be stereotyped, and this will give housewives the opportunity of finding new recipes and catering far more easily for home entertainment."



SINCE WINNING our last year's cookery contest Mrs. Morris has had a stream of letters, many of them from Englishwomen, asking her to compile individual budgets for them.

Mrs. James said that the modern housewife, lacking domestic help, needs simple but attractive recipes to enable her to act as caterer and hostess at the same time.

State Secretary of the Country Women's Association in Western Australia, Mrs. M. S. Niblock, said: "Women in the country areas must naturally devote a great deal of their time to this art, and a contest of this kind will give them added zest for their task."

Mrs. C. P. Rutherford, foundation member and Past-President of the Western Australian Housewives' Association, commented: "The competition will encourage young folk to entertain in their own homes instead of relying on ready-made entertainment in public places. I wish The Australian Women's Weekly contest every success."

Well-known Brisbane hostess Mrs. Edwin M. Tooth, of Hamilton, said she was very glad to see another cookery contest announced in The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I think the winning entry in the last contest was a lesson in nutritive and balanced cooking," she said. "The new contest is an excellent idea. Women who compete will be comparing ideas, and that means learning by the experience of others."

Glady Richardson, General Secretary of the Queensland Red Cross, said that the contest must be of interest to mothers, business girls, and girls about to be married, who are always looking for good and tried recipes.

Mrs. C. E. Dolling, Deputy-President of the South Australian Country Women's Association, says

Women praise all sections

General conditions

1. Only those entries which are submitted according to the rules will be eligible.
2. Competitors may submit any number of entries in each and every section and class.
3. Entries must be clearly written on one side of the paper only—in ink, or typed, not in pencil.
4. Full name and address, including State, to be included clearly on each page. Indicate section and class in which you are entering.
5. Recipes accompanying menus must be accurate. List ingredients in the order in which they are used, give exact weight or measurements in level cups, tablespoons, or teaspoons. Directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press and their families are not eligible to compete.
7. The decision of the judges will be absolutely final. No entries will be returned, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning such entries. No personal interviews will be granted.
8. All entries submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to publish any of them.
9. Address all entries to The Head Office, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

The contest will close on July 2 and results will be announced in August.

Details and conditions of all sections were published in our two previous issues. Sections 1 and 2 are published on this page, and sections 3 and 4 will be repeated next week.

that in principle the cookery contest, by its publication of treasured recipes, fulfils the aims of her Association, which is "to share with and help others," and for that and other reasons she commends it.

"It is a wonderful opportunity for people to improve the standard of their cooking, by being able to use time-honoured recipes sent in by some of our leading home cooks," she said.

Also she was full of praise for the sections one and two.

"So many people have to give a party for a twenty-first birthday, or for some other occasion, and though they may be excellent at preparing meals daily for a limited number they are appalled at the idea of catering for, say, 30," she said.

Mrs. Dolling added that the competition results will be most helpful to young brides, who, because they have worked since leaving school, have not had much opportunity of learning the finer points of cookery for two, let alone 30.

Mrs. J. S. Blackburn, secretary of the emergency services of the Red Cross Society in South Australia, is impressed with the cookery competition for the good it will do the entrants in working out their plans and recipes to the last detail, and to readers who will be induced by it to set greater store on food and dietary values.

Balanced diet

"CONTESTS of this nature make the general public more aware of the importance of food and balanced diet, and that is all to the good," she said.

"I am particularly impressed by the summer and winter meals. So many people strive to get plenty of variety into their cooking, and this listing of suitable foods for certain climates will be of the greatest help.

"More and more are people realising the value of variety in cooking and anyone helping them defeat monotony is doing a national service," added Mrs. Blackburn.

"Everyone who entertains a lot will be looking forward to the publication of winning recipes and menus for particular parties," said well-known Adelaide hostess Mrs. H. J. Lipman. Mrs. Lipman does every bit of cooking for her parties herself. She says she loves cooking, and nothing gives her greater pleasure than to receive a new recipe or to share one of her own that she particularly prizes.

Mrs. Lipman thinks that details of catering for parties will be of particular help to mothers of young people, who like to celebrate all occasions with a party. Naturally there will be a raising of the standards generally.

Smart hostess

"AS a hostess I am always interested in other people's menus and ideas for decorating and arranging foods," said Mrs. Noel Vincent, the French wife of a well-known Sydney socialite.

ing and cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.

Employees of Consolidated Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

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Address all entries to The Head Office, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Mrs. Vincent has been a popular hostess since she arrived in Australia three years ago, after having met her husband while he was serving overseas with the R.A.A.F.

Recently Mr. Vincent bought a beautiful country home, "Invergowrie," at Exeter, N.S.W., a perfect setting for entertaining on a grand scale.

Mrs. Vincent, who is noted for her chic in fashion and as a hostess, said that she considers The Australian Women's Weekly cookery contest will be a stimulant and encouragement to all young people to entertain in their own homes.

New interests

THE winner of a minor prize in last year's contest, Mrs. Marjorie Robbie, of Hobart, Tasmania, has written to tell us what a difference her interest in our cookery contest has made to her.

FASHIONABLE HOSTESS Mrs. Noel Vincent, of Invergowrie, Exeter, N.S.W., thinks our new contest will give a flip to home entertaining.

ference her interest in our cookery contest has made to her.

As a result of her success she has taken up cookery demonstrating, and has been asked to lecture on cookery at a Hobart women's club.

Mrs. Robbie is the wife of the medical registrar of Hobart Hospital, Dr. G. A. Robbie, the mother of three small children, and a Science graduate.

"The work that was necessary to prepare my entry for the competition formed an excellent basis to any thought and practice in cookery, and I shall always be grateful for the opportunity it offered," she writes.

SECTION 1

£1000 GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE

Grand Champion Prize of £1000 will be awarded for the best detailed plan for a 21st birthday party, including the menu, recipes, details of preparation of food, table decoration, ceremony for presentation of key, proposed entertainment.

A competitor may submit any number of entries in this section.

Entries should be set out as follows:

1. Menu, set out in correct menu form, i.e., dishes listed one beneath the other.

2. Recipes for all dishes included in menu must be given in detail, in the order in which they are listed in the menu. Quantities in recipes must be sufficient for thirty guests to be served. Proportion of ingredients, methods of preparing and cooking must be correct in every detail.

SECTION 2: £1410 IN PRIZES

CLASS 1.—Best celebration dinner for 12.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Six consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 2.—Best barbecue supper party for 25.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 3.—Best engagement or pre-wedding afternoon tea party for 25.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 4.—Best wedding breakfast menu for 30 guests.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 5.—Best menu for 7 p.m. buffet dinner for 12.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 6.—Best novelty bridge tea for 12.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 7.—Best menu plan for children's party for 20.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CONDITIONS FOR SECTION 2

ENTRIES in each and every class of Section 2 should be set out in the following manner:

1. Menu in correct menu form—that is, courses and dishes set out one beneath the other.

2. Detailed recipe for all dishes to be set out in order in which they are listed in the menu. Ingredients to be written plainly, followed by clear, concise instructions for mixing, cooking, and serving. Note: Quantities must be sufficient for the number of servings specified—for instance, in Class 1, quantities must be sufficient for 12.

3. Include any novel ideas you may have for adding interest to the particular function, and attach a brief statement (200 to 300 words), explaining clearly how you would arrange a practical working schedule in order to have all dishes ready at the right time. Make suggestions for advance preparation.

Luscious Lemon Pie



... a KRUSTO creation by ELIZABETH COOKE, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert



KRUSTO LEMON PIE

Mix Krusto Pastry Mix with water, roll out and line a shallow pie dish. Prick bottom of pastry with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until golden brown. Allow to cool. Filling: Soak 2 tablespoons gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water about 5 minutes. Mix 3 slightly beaten egg yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt in a double boiler. Cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, remove from stove and chill until it begins to set. Beat 3 egg whites until fairly stiff, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, beating continuously. Fold into cooled mixture and pour into pie shell. Serve 4.

For honey-gold, light-as-a-breeze, digestible pastry use only KRUSTO Pastry Mix.

You add nothing to Krusto but water. No precious butter, no sugar—Kraft experts put everything in Krusto that's needed for the crispest, tastiest pastry that ever made your mouth water. Ask for Krusto Pastry Mix.

KRUSTO PASTRY MIX

Just add water, mix and roll.

NOW—the choice of 3 SIZES

Welcome news for every Housewife!

America's finest Pressure Cooker, made under licence by Hawkins of London, brings to the larger families... Pressure Cooking at its very best.

Of finest British workmanship and materials, the Hawkins is outstanding... because it is so sure—so safe—so simple.



7 Pint
8 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pint
10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pint

and each provided with food separators and possessing the

8 outstanding Hawkins features.

Hawkins UNIVERSAL PRESSURE COOKER

Obtainable at all Departmental, Electrical and Hardware Stores

A MASTERPIECE IN WOOL

Romney is undeniably Australia's finest all-woollen knitted garment. Each garment is tailored for the quality market and keeps its shape.

Romney is a masterpiece in wool.



*At all good
stores*



Romney
TAILORED KNITCRAFT
FOR MEN & BOYS



**With the P.L.B. Shield
Guarantee of Quality**

WORTH Reporting

MOUTH-ORGAN playing is the finest breathing exercise there is, according to Mr. William Bell, of Collingwood, a clerk at the Melbourne Water Board.

Mr. Bell, who is 59, attributes the fact that he's never had a day's illness to his 50 years of playing the mouth-organ.

He showed us an impressive scroll, two and a half feet long, setting out the 43 awards he has won. He has carried off the Australian Mouth-Organ Championship three times, and still holds the title.

No Australian championships have been held since 1940, but last year Mr. Bell won the N.S.W. State Championship.

He has a repertoire of 500 pieces. "The Call of Baghdad" and "Poet and Peasant" have won him his greatest triumphs.

Mr. Bell tells us that although he relies on his tongue for many of his most unusual effects, he is just as tuneful when he places the mouth-organ on his top lip (like a mouthache) and plays it with his nose.

He started his musical career as a euphonium player when a lad in Eddie Code's brass band. Before the war he organised many mouth-organ bands in Melbourne, including a 'ladies' band of 24 players.

In those days, he recalls wistfully, German and Italian mouth-organs could be bought for a few shillings. Miniature ones, an inch long, cost only 8d.

Mouth-organs now coming back on the market range from about 8/6. Those with a chromatic scale start at about 32/6.

But Mr. Bell can't be persuaded to play any type of mouth-organ but the simple, single reed instrument which sold for 3/- before the war.

"The brand he favored is now off the market, so he reserves his playing for special occasions."

"Once a mouth-organ 'goes,' it's really 'gone,'" he explains.

Parisian cat bound for Australia

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Slivitzky said good-bye to their tabby cat, Misha, at St. Lazare Station in Paris this month, Misha meowed at them from inside her basket. It will be a long time before they see her again, probably nine months.

Mr. and Mrs. Slivitzky are migrating to Australia.

Under Australian regulations no dogs or cats from any country other than Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Eire, and New Zealand may enter Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Slivitzky were told this when they were making final arrangements to leave Paris, and it nearly decided them against coming, as the cat is part of the family.

However, they found that if Misha stays six months in quarantine in England she can then be shipped out to Australia.

Mr. Slivitzky is a well-known scarf designer in Paris, where he and his wife have lived all their lives.



Ted Key

"Good morning, I represent..."

Causes of erosion in teeth

OUR dentist told us recently that orange or lemon juice can cause erosions in teeth.

We were asking him the reason for hollows, which were not decayed, but which developed slowly on otherwise good front teeth. He told us they could be caused from failure to clean teeth immediately after a drink of fresh fruit juice, or from careless brushing or faulty chewing.

A leading periodontist, that is, one who deals with tissues round the teeth, confirmed this information.

"Fruit juices are certainly good for the system, but they help hold acids on the teeth," he said.

"These acids can be counteracted by the use of bicarbonate of soda on the toothbrush or in a mouthwash."

Women often develop these erosions because they clean their teeth first thing in the morning and then have a lemon drink. It might be hours before they brush their teeth again.

Vigorous brushing across the teeth, instead of up and down, does an equal amount of damage, he said, and so does faulty chewing, in which some teeth are overworked at the expense of others.

Baby chimpanzee gets loving care

AN English girl, Miss Muriel Mothershead, is bringing up her twelfth chimpanzee. This one, called Topsy, is a 14-month-old baby chimp, which arrived in England from West Africa with a label round its neck addressed to Upton Zoo, near Chester, in Cheshire.

Muriel's father is secretary of the Zoo, and she is one of the few women zoo attendants in England. She has looked after all kinds of animals, but baby chimps are her favorites. They are, she says, very affectionate and intelligent.

Topsy has to be reared very carefully.

Muriel gets up every morning at 5.30 to give the baby her first feed, a cup of hot milk.

At 8 o'clock she has thinly sliced bread and butter and more milk; at noon, fruit; at four she has bread and butter and fruit; and at six more milk.

Muriel puts Topsy to bed at 7 p.m., nursing her till she goes to sleep, then wraps her securely in a shawl and tucks her into a straw bed.

Topsy is very fond of grapes, and Muriel has to peel them and take out the pips. This sounds like real luxury for Topsy, but although she weighs only 14lb, and is 18in. high, she is an expensive baby.

At the moment her market value is £100, but when she is fully grown, at two, she will be worth £250.

The daring exploits of F/Lt. Raleigh

THE R.A.A.F. newsletter tells the story of one of the celebrities at 77 Squadron Officers' Mess at Twankun, Japan. He is Flight-Lieutenant Raleigh, whose colorful career began when he first joined 22 Squadron in Morotai more than five years ago.

Schooled by Squadron-Leader J. Entwistle, D.P.C., Raleigh proved himself a true air-force type on Beaufighters. Promotion came quickly, and, as Flying-Officer Raleigh, he took part in numerous anti-sub patrols and reconnaissance flights. Low flying was his favorite pleasure.

After the surrender of Japan, Raleigh joined 81 Wing. He thumbed a ride to Clark Field, Manila, where he met Flight-Lieutenant C. Taplin, an old Beaufighter pal. With Taplin, Raleigh flew the Beaufighter that participated in the flight of 81 Wing Mustangs to Japan.

That was three years ago. Two years ago Raleigh, now a Flight-Lieutenant, was reunited with Taplin.

Three years in Japan and the odd charge of buckshot obtained in some nocturnal escapade have taken the edge off Flight-Lieutenant Raleigh's youth, but every night he bounds into the mess for a few glasses of beer.

He often appears in the mess "Line Book." (When a member "shoots a line," or a tall story, he stands drinks after the line is recorded.)

Here is one of the "lines."

"Flight-Lieut. C. Taplin stated: I always liked to fly with Flight-Lieut. Raleigh in the Beaufighter, for he used to nudge my arm when the motors weren't synchronised."

Raleigh stands out from the other mess members. He wears no uniform, for he is a spry yellow dog, bought by the 22 Squadron crews for a few packets of Raleigh cigarettes when a pup.

Flight-Lieut. Taplin says of the "line" quoted above, "It isn't a line. It's the truth."

THE retiring mayor of Lowestoft, England, has been addressed during her term of office as "Mr. Mayor," "Mistress Mayor," "Your Worship," "Madam Chair," "Mrs. Mayor," and "Your Majesty."

We're told that the correct form of address is "Madame Mayor," or, when speaking about her, "Her Worship the Mayor."

"Comparison shopper" for London store

AN Australian girl in London has the job that seems ideal for women. She spends all her time shopping, and it doesn't cost her a penny (writes Betty Nesbit from London).

She is 25-year-old Joy Brown, formerly of Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, who was a radio announcer with a commercial station.

Now she is a "comparison shopper" for Selfridge's, one of London's biggest department stores.

"I visit all the shops, comparing prices and quality with merchandise in our store," Joyce explained. "I always feel sorry for the salesgirls. I ask so many questions and seem so interested that they can't understand why they don't make the sale."

"Of course I do buy a great many articles. These are always sent to my home—never to the store."

She doesn't make any notes, but relies on her memory, and at night makes a report.

Joy was "groomed" for her job for six months. She was first put in the display department, learning window-dressing.

Then she was sent to do a course at the Council of Art and Industrial Design, where she studied textiles, carpets, crockery, and furniture. Now, as well as doing comparison shopping, Joy is the store's fashion compiler. Her first show was a special parade of utility clothes designed by the Paris house of Lanvin and made by British manufacturer.

When on her rounds she also has to keep her eye open for new ideas in shop design, window-dressing, and interior decorating.

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"Just take my word for it. When you hear a tool, MOVE!"

The Australian Women's Weekly - May 24, 1946



PROSPECTIVE OLYMPIAN. Schoolgirl 14-year-old Marlene Smith, of Essendon, Vic., holds Victorian 100 yards junior sprint and high jump titles.



RUNNER Marjorie Jackson, of Lithgow, N.S.W., who twice defeated Fanny Blankers-Koen.



ROPE CLIMBING exercise for 18-year-old Margaret Mitchell, Victorian broad jump record holder.



SCHOOLGIRL swimmer Marjory McQuade had 14th birthday on way to last Olympics.



SPRINTER. Rob Solomon, 17, is one of several white hopes of N.S.W. Amateur Athletics Association. A former pupil of Barker College, Hornsby, he is 220 and 440 metres sprinter.

Olympic prospects for 1956

Young Australia is right on the mark for the first Games to be held here

Somewhere in Australia to-day there may be some pig-tailed youngster racing "there and back" across the school playground who is destined to win Olympic honors for her country in Melbourne in 1956—when the Games are held here for the first time.

Or a potential world swimming champion may be thrashing round a home-made pool in a country creek or city swimming baths.

THOUSANDS of these girls and boys, not yet familiar with the history or the pageant that is the Olympic Games, will have the opportunity of qualifying as Australia's representatives.

The comparative few chosen and the thousands of contemporaries who flock to cheer them will experience for the first time the exhilaration and spectacle of international competition.

They will see maintained the original spirit of the Games, in which losing is as graceful as winning, but where every ounce of skill and energy is spent for the glory of the nation.

Former champions say that those born between 1932 and 1936 will be in the right age group for most of the events at the 1956 Melbourne games.

Some boys and girls who have that little extra which makes the champion are already receiving the careful training and tuition necessary for their development.

Others, now unaware of their latent talents, will be "discovered" during the next few years by a variety of people, including former Olympians and Australian champions.

Many Australian representatives at past Olympic Games are still actively interested in their respective sports, and are ready to advise future champions.

"For the young athlete of to-day

the advantages of the Olympic Games being held in Australia in 1956 are limitless," said champion athlete Shirley Strickland, of Western Australia.

"My advice to youngsters who want to represent Australia in these games is to start training now with that object in view.

"I don't think they should go in for hard, specialised work, but they should try to perfect style and technique, because an impeccable style is essential, particularly in running and throwing events."

Miss Strickland said every movement on the athletic field should be automatic.

"With sprinters it is the start that counts. In Olympic sprinting events there is little to choose between the competitors, and the knowledge that a good start is imperative is nerve-racking."

Combined school sports provide a big tie-up in the development of promising juniors, and sporting officials who often act as time-keepers and starters at school sports meetings automatically become "talent scouts."

"A close eye is kept on outstanding youngsters at school sports meetings, and they are encouraged to take up club sport when they leave school," said Mrs. Frank Mummery, one of Melbourne's best-known sportswomen.

According to Mrs. Mummery the middle and late teens are the vital years for real development.

"Potential champions are likely to become burned out or even bored

by early success, and sometimes fade away before reaching their prime," she said.

Both athletic and swimming associations are worried about lack of training facilities in Australia.

Athletes press for more cinder tracks—the only one in Australia is at Moore Park, Sydney. Swimming coaches bemoan the absence of indoor swimming pools in some States.

"Our success in the 1956 Games depends on training from now on, and indoor pools are essential to the continuity of training," said Harry Hay, official coach to Australian swimmers at Olympic and Empire Games many times since he swam at the 1920 Olympic Games at Antwerp.

"In America they put on national championships in indoor pools during the winter, and their swimmers are able to train all the year round."

"It's not the water that beats us in winter in Australia. It's the atmosphere. Water is not always cold, even in winter, but a cold westerly wind plays havoc when you step out of the water."

"For the past 25 years I've listened to talk about indoor pools, but they are still talking in some States."

Harry Hay said young swimmers with championship possibilities should start their training at an early age, so that they could learn essentials such as sound breathing, leg work, pulling, balance, rhythm, and gain all-round water knowledge.

"We have numbers of boys and girls who are well on the way to being champions, and the holding of the Games here in 1956 may give

them the incentive to put into their training all they have," he said.

Australian officials in many branches of sport will make frequent treks to country centres in their search for future champions.

"Country championships often disclose rich finds," declared Mrs. Alan Noye, a vice-president of the Victorian Women's Amateur Athletic Association.

Women's Amateur Athletic Associations in every State help sports-women to find suitable clubs near their homes, where they can take part in weekly interclub events, and work under the guidance of trainers.

The most outstanding girls are singled out for special attention by club coaches, and carefully "nursed" to top form with individual attention to health and diet.

Outstanding boys receive the same careful attention from their coaches, and swimmers, divers, amateur boxers and others have similar opportunities for developing.

If present time enthusiasm persists there are going to be a lot of over-worked coaches in need of a rest. With Olympics in the air—in Finland in 1952 and Australia in 1956—sports girls and boys have plenty of incentive to hard training.

Competitors at the last Games in England numbered 6000, but additional events are already being planned for future Games, so Australia probably will have to cater for an even larger number.

Australia will be seven years older by then, and if all the plans of the Olympic Organising Committee eventuate we should prove good hosts to our visitors, as well as producing competitors worthy of the event.



JUDY JOY DAVIES, of Victoria, broke 100-metres backstroke record at last Olympics. Aged 23, she is backstroke and crawl swimmer.



N.S.W. HIGH-BOARD CHAMPION Joe McCann in back dive. Joe is in early twenties.



YOUNG SWIMMERS do exercises during winter at Sydney Olympic Club. Here boys are watched by girls who are training for water ballet. Inclusion of water ballet event is likely for 1956 Olympics.

RAFFERTY SHOWS TRINDER THE RULES



TRINDER, the pride of the prairie, the rage of the range. No more towney tailor-made cigarettes for Tommy. He'll roll his own from now on like all rugged Australian bushmen do.



HIS OWN IDEA of what the outback bushman wears. The sight of Galloping Trinder shook members of the "Bitter Springs" unit.

YOU LUCKY HORSE. "See, it's this way, chum." Tommy tells some of his famous jokes to the horse on which Chips will teach him to ride.

AUSTRALIAN LEAN. Nonni and Chips show Tommy right attitude to assume for a yarn.

FAMOUS English comedian of screen and stage, Tommy Trinder, has come out to appear with Chips Rafferty and Nonni Pifer in the new Ealing Studios' film, "Bitter Springs," much of which will be made at the little South Australian township of Quorn.

Before the unit goes on location there for three months, Chips tried to coach Cockney Tommy in Australian bush ways. On this picture page we show the progress Tommy made the first day.

On the cabled advice of Ealing chiefs in London, Sydney actress Nonni has changed her last name from Pelfer to Pifer. They thought her real name was too unusual and difficult to pronounce. Nineteen-year-old Nonni plays the part of Chips' daughter in the film.

She will play opposite the Scottish star, Gordon Jackson.



KIDDED ON by delighted studio workers, Tommy presented a willing target for Chips' expert stockwhip. It didn't hurt, though, only made Tommy anxious to wield one himself.



STOCKWHIP TRINDER—as he imagines they'll be calling him in Quorn. It looked easy when Chips Rafferty did it, nothing to it. But when Tommy tried to do it, he finished up like this.

World-famous baritone
PETER DAWSON



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Of Mice and Molly

Continued from page 12

ON her left was a small writing-room with a large desk against the wall. Jennie trotted under the desk, clambered up at the back of the drawers, and settled herself among the postcards in the second drawer.

Very cosy—

An hour later, Gwendolyn, having decided to send postcards to several people, pulled open the second drawer. Out hopped Jennie.

It was at this point that Gwendolyn screamed, and Bill bounded into the writing-room, closely followed by Molly. Gwendolyn was perched on a chair.

"Kill it!" bellowed Gwendolyn. "Kill it!" Then apparently feeling that these directions were not explicit enough, she dredged up from somewhere deep in her consciousness the ancient warcy in the battle between anything small that moves and man.

"Hit it with a shovel!"

I remember thinking that, one way or another, Gwendolyn had apparently developed some sort of aversion to mice. And, glancing at Bill, I could see that he thought so too. He stared dazedly at Gwendolyn. Romeo might have stared in about the same way if Juliet had suddenly pushed him off the balcony.

"But, Gwendolyn," cried Bill, figuratively picking himself up. "you love mice!"

"Not me," said Gwendolyn, breathing heavily. "I hate mice."

"But you told me you loved mice," argued Bill, puzzled. "Their bright, beady eyes."

"For that matter," said Gwendolyn. "I told you I loved wasps."

"Don't you?"

"Not so you could notice it," said Gwendolyn, descending from the chair and moving warily towards the front door. "Furthermore, since my two-week vacation is up to-morrow, I might as well tell you that from now on I'm swatting mosquitoes again. I only stopped swatting them because there wasn't another decent tennis player around."

"Is that so?" said Bill, warmly. "Well, in that case our engagement is off."

"What engagement?"

"Our engagement to be married."

"But we're not engaged."

"I was thinking of asking you," said Bill, with dignity.

"Had you done so," said Gwendolyn, "I would have told you that while I deeply appreciated the honor, you could go and soak your head. Besides," added Gwendolyn, pulling open the front door, "I am already pledged to another. I am engaged to Harold Proctor."

"Harold Proctor?"

"Of Proctor Exterminating Company."

The door closed.

It would be natural to assume that, having been spurned by Gwendolyn, Bill would be heartbroken. During the past two weeks, her many lovable qualities—her cannon-ball serve, her crisp fairway shots, her powerful, flat backhand—had twined their way round his heart.

Yet, even as the door closed, he was conscious of a certain relief. What one wanted in a wife, Bill reflected, was not a good backhand, but a sweet, gentle nature.

He turned away from the door with a now-where-was-I-oh-yes-those-oyster-shells look on his face, and I thought it wise to call attention to the mouse, which seemed to me to be acting with considerable sang-froid, in view of the fact that we outnumbered it three to one.

Instead of hurrying to the coal cellar, and there shivering thankfully for a narrow escape, it was boldly peering at us from the dining-room doorway. Obviously a mouse which would brook no nonsense.

I am not ordinarily nervous with animals, but I received a distinct impression that it was about to charge.

"Don't worry," said Bill. "I am accustomed to handling all kinds of animals. If necessary, I will get the thumb hold on it."

"The thumb hold?" I inquired.

"What's that?"

"A technical hold, much used by veterinarians," explained Bill. "You stick your thumb in the animal's mouth and it can't bite you anywhere else."

"Ingenious," I said, impressed.

"Quiet!" whispered Molly, suddenly. "Here he comes!"

Sure enough, the mouse trotted briskly down the hall, passed between us with a preoccupied air.

entered the writing-room and disappeared under the desk.

This extraordinary behaviour was immediately explained by the re-appearance of the mouse over the front of the drawer, holding in its mouth what I at first took to be a piece of strawberry, or possibly raspberry, toffee.

"Babies!" said Molly.

"A mother," said Bill, reverently.

"Good heavens!" said I.

Jennie, obviously following a carefully worked-out plan, hopped down and trotted off, carrying the baby by the scruff of the neck.

On inspection, two more babies were found, sleeping on a pile of brightly colored postcards. The baby mice were greeted warmly by Bill and Molly.

"Aren't they cute!" cried Molly.

"Aren't they?" said Bill.

"So pink!"

"Yes!"

"So tiny!"

"Yes!"

"Such little feet!"

"Yes!"

"Did you ever see anything so cute?"

It developed that neither of them ever had.

"What next?" I asked cautiously. It had occurred to me that standard procedure as regards mice found in desk drawers probably would not be followed.

Molly's attitude was definitely promiscuous, and of course Bill drew no class distinctions whatever between himself and mice.

"We'll build them a house," Molly decided promptly. "The poor little things."

I felt slightly at sea.

"A house?"

"A small house," Molly explained.

"Out of a box."

I saw a new light dawn in Bill's eyes. A sort of pleased, surprised look, as if he had just been stung by one of his favorite wasps.

"We'll put the mother and everybody in it," Molly prattled on happily. "And some cotton, so it will be nice and soft. Or a blanket. No—my old quilted robe will be just the thing. I can buy another one for myself. Now let's see. What else? Oh, yes. Food, of course. Lettuce, toast, oatmeal, corn."

"Water," suggested Bill, softly, turning his head towards Molly. As they were standing side by side he spoke practically into her hair, and in the process of breathing in to replace the air expelled in saying "water," he caught a whiff of her perfume. He breathed deeply. It was an elusive, haunting scent, subtly suggesting soap, plus, Bill decided, a hint of cloves.

His breathing became asthmatic, and his heart, which a moment before had been ticking off the seconds as regularly as anybody's, moved into high gear. Love, like a five-pound sandbag, had come to William.

"Molly," he choked. "Will you go swimming with me to-morrow?"

"I would like to," said Molly, regretfully. "but I don't know how to swim."

"I will teach you," said Bill.

"And that," concluded the captain, "is the story of the mouse you just saw go in that doorway—one of Jennie's babies, now grown to a sturdy, useful mousehood. In gratitude for having brought the two young lovers together (for Bill and Molly are now married) they were given the run of the house."

"Bill and Molly?"

"No. The mice. As you are an animal lover yourself, you will enjoy meeting them."

"The mice?"

"No. Bill and Molly. Though, of course, you will meet them, too. When you do, notice how glossy their hair is. It's really surprising how clean they keep themselves."

"Bill and Molly?"

"No. The mice."

The young man stirred uneasily in his rocker.

"Altogether," summed up the captain, "your stay at Sea View guest-house should be a most enjoyable one. The climate is wonderful. At home, for instance, I am troubled with my throat, which becomes husky from too much talking. Down here at the seashore, on the other hand, I can talk all I want to with no ill-effects."

"On yourself, you mean," muttered the young man.

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Authorised by D. M. Cleland, 20 Ash Street, Sydney

FL19A-48

Doctor's Choice

Continued from page 4

JOE answered: "Plenty. Chess players are a special breed of fowl. They always take a calm view, and most of them are riddled with principles."

"Where were you to-day when we were supposed to make rounds?" Walt asked Dean.

Joe answered for him. From his vantage point at the window of the intern's quarters he had seen Penny waiting for Dean out in front of the hospital. She was driving a shiny new sports job, and she looked, Joe said, like a vulture waiting to pounce on its prey.

How long was Dean going to keep spending his subsistence allowance on gardenias, and when were they going to announce the engagement, Joe wanted to know.

Dean laughed. "I don't know," he said. "It's still in the negotiation stage. You have to develop these things slowly."

The two internes left. Walt moved down to the chair beside Dean's.

"It's none of my business," Walt said, "but don't you ever get tired of being exhibited for Penny's friends . . . like a prize pig?"

Dean shrugged. "Prize pig or prize ass, what's the difference?"

"If you marry the girl you won't even be able to think for yourself," Walt said.

Dean rattled his cup on the bare table. "Rot!" he said. "Penny is just a sweet, average sort of girl . . . who happens to have a reasonably influential father."

Walt put his pipe between his teeth. "And you figure that it won't do any harm to have daddy pulling a few strings for you? What do you want—the moon?"

"I want a lot of things," Dean said slowly. "It isn't just this appointment. I want to be a surgeon, a bona-fide, recognised, top-of-the-pile surgeon. Some people are born into the right situation. Others have to elbow their way up. And you don't get into the big league just by being a good boy and studying hard. You have to have connections."

"Who told you?" Walt laughed. Dean's face was still serious.

"My father told me," he said. "He wanted to be a surgeon, too, but he never could quite manage to finish his training. He didn't believe in pulling strings. Said it wasn't ethical. So where is he now? I'm not repeating that same mistake. Do you get it?"

"Yes," Walt said. "I suppose I get it."

When Dean had finished eating, Walt put his pipe in his pocket, and the two residents left the dining-room together. Bill met them just as they started out the door.

"The boys on the accident floor just sent a case over to our service," he said. "She's in the shock room now, still unconscious. Doesn't look like anything out of the ordinary, but I wanted you to see it."

"Right," said Walt.

"I'll come along and have a look," Dean said.

"Young girl knocked down by a fish truck down by the wharves," Bill told them. "Laceration of the scalp, possible skull fracture."

"Much loss of blood?" Walt asked.

"Not much," answered Bill.

"We've already sewed up the laceration. She's getting plasma now."

They followed Bill down the long corridor. The patient was stretched out on a table at the far end of the shock room. Joe and a nurse were working with a transfusion apparatus.

"Skin still clammy," Joe said. "Pulse thready, but I think it's getting stronger."

The girl on the table was dressed in faded blue dungarees and a torn white jersey. The harsh light glared down on the waxy whiteness of her face, the blue-purple discoloration of her lips.

"Have you done a lumbar puncture?" Walt asked.

"Yep. Findings negative," Joe answered.

"That pretty well rules out skull fracture," Walt said.

The plasma finished running. Joe switched bottles to start the blood transfusion.

"She'd be quite an eye-catcher if she had different duds on," he said. "It doesn't add up. I wonder who she is."

"Odd case," Bill agreed. "She

doesn't look like someone who would be wandering around the district alone at night."

Walt picked up the admittance record and read aloud: "Unknown female, white, age about twenty-four, no informants, no identification."

"The cops that brought her in told us that all they could find was a key in one of her pockets," Joe said.

The nurse made a beckoning motion and pointed toward the patient. A faint tint of pink was beginning to color the girl's face. Her yellow-gold hair, too, seemed to come alive. Her hands trembled almost imperceptibly. Then her eyes opened wide all at once. They were large blue eyes that held no fear, only surprise.

"Imagine being hit by a fish truck," she said.

"Can you remember anything?" Walt asked.

"Not much," answered the girl. Her voice was weak, but there was a defiant gaiety to it. "I had been painting, trying to catch the waterfront by twilight. I was just starting home when that truck careened around the corner—"

"What's your name?" Walt asked.

"Unknown female."

"Did you hear me say that?"

"I was just coming to. My name is Rae Jamison. Occupation: Illustrator and art student. That key in my purse doesn't mean a thing. I just keep it for good luck." Her lips parted in a smile.

Bill picked up her record and started acting professionally. "Nearest of kin?" he asked.

"That depends," said the girl.

"Am I going to be all right?"

"I think so," Bill answered.

"I don't want to worry my family," the girl said. "Arizona is a long way from here. Things sound worse."

She looked directly at them, still surprised, very intense.

Walt made a note on the chart. "Well, that's the story," he said.

"Just a laceration of the scalp. You'll be able to go home in a few hours. Want to send for some clothes?"

"You don't need clothes if you have a soul," Rae said. She tried to smile, but instead she let out a small shaky sigh.

From behind the others, Dean had been watching her. He came over to the table and felt her pulse. Without speaking, he began to examine her, pressing gently over her ribs, listening to her chest with a stethoscope.

"Does that hurt?" he asked.

"A little," said Rae.

Dean turned to Walt and the two internes.

"The twelfth rib on the left side is broken," he said, "and there is some tenderness and rigidity in the left upper abdomen. Have the blood studies gone to the laboratory?"

"Yes," said Walt. "The report should be back in a few minutes. But I don't think there is anything to worry about."

"Calling Doc . . . for Lan . . . cat . . . ter!" the public-address speaker whined around the door.

Dean went down the hall to the telephone. The switchboard operator said yes, she was holding an outside call for him.

"Hello, Deanie?" Penny's voice was gracious, laced lightly with possessiveness.

"Yes, dear, this is Deanie."

"But, darling, I thought you'd be here by now. You promised it would be eightish. Do hurry. Daddy has invited a very special guest . . . just for you."

"Terrific," said Dean. "I'll be along pronto. Just got tied-up."

When Dean came back, Walt was standing outside the door of the shock room, looking at the laboratory report. "There's considerable loss of red blood cells," he said, "but I suppose that could be caused by the scalp wound."

"I don't think so," Dean's mouth tightened. "There wasn't enough bleeding from the scalp wound. Looks like haemorrhage somewhere else. That girl isn't right at all. Walt, there is a strong possibility of a ruptured spleen."

Please turn to page 32

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

FASHION FLASH for debs: Long gloves are a "must" for the current romantic debutante fashion of a bare-topped bodice and extravagantly wide skirt.

Formal debut

I AM to make my debut at a ball in the last week in June. Could you design a frock for me, and perhaps have it illustrated in your fashion column? What material do you suggest? I would like white silk net, and rather fancy one bare shoulder. I have long white gloves.

A bare-topped dress of white net made with a large self ruffle (see sketch) to cover one shoulder, and the ruffle continuing to the hemline would be pretty and unusual. Have the skirt very full and made over a full taffeta underskirt. (A net skirt looks nothing unless it has a tremendous yardage.) The bodice-top will be best built over a firm foundation, and to be really comfortable it will be necessary to bone the lining with very light bones. If your figure requires a brassiere, buy a strapless design. Wear your long white gloves; they will add the correct touch of formality.

Teenage skirt length

A FEW weeks ago you gave some fashion tips to a girl in her teens, and I wondered if you could now help me? I am 16 years of age, and my mother is making me my first evening dress in novelty net. Would ballerina or floor length be best?

Either floor length or ballerina would be correct, depending on the formality of the party you are attending. Actually you might be wise to compromise between the two, and consider the new fashion of a dress with a just-above-ankle-length skirt. In U.S.A., where teenagers are catered for more comprehensively than in any other place in the world, this short bouffant "ankle dress" is the rage with the young crowd. One of its chief advantages—it is far easier to handle than a floor-length design.



A DRESS of white net mounted on taffeta, designed for a debutante. Long gloves are essential with a formal gown.

Chamois with navy

WOULD you oblige me by giving me some advice on color? I have a navy dress, and would now like a jacket in a contrasting color to wear it with. What color would you suggest, and what colors for accessories? Could you tell me, too, please, the correct accessory color to wear with red?

Pale chamois-yellow for the jacket, a matching yellow for the hat (trimmed with a brown quill), chamois gloves, plus navy shoes and handbag would be an attractive color combination for your navy-blue dress. Bamboo-beige is the latest accessory color to wear with red.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Holiday in the north

LOOKING forward to a holiday at Surfers' Paradise and Cairns this winter, I am wondering if I will need some warm clothes as well as light ones. I intend to take plenty of linen and cotton frocks.

Cotton and linen dresses are perfectly correct for a northern winter, but you will also need some light woollens. At Surfers' Paradise the nights can be quite cold; Cairns is warmer. You will often welcome a light warm coat for both night and day. There is little real formality up north. At night you will be correctly dressed in a ballerina-length skirt and a sweater with evening trimming. Take one simple evening dress (dancing is popular in the hotels), the type you would wear at the

seaside. My choice would be a pretty pastel sheer to play up the suntan you're sure to get. What you will need for the daytime is one light wool travelling suit, a bathing suit plus beach accessories, one soft wool cardigan, one sports skirt, and several shirt-blouses.

The Empire line

WOULD you advise me about making an afternoon frock in the Empire style?

You omitted to tell me your figure proportions. However, the Empire silhouette (the higher waistline) is becoming to anyone whose diaphragm - through - waist measurements are on the small side. Unless your figure is near perfect, the Empire line demands either a corset or a high-cut girdle to eliminate the slightest suspicion of any bulges.

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SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 31) or by post.
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AT ALL GOOD STORES

KELLY GANG, Heroes or—?

A. M. reporter and photographer go on fact-finding tour of Kelly-Gang country — discover that local legend still labels them "Robin Hoods." Full story in JUNE issue of A.M. On sale next week. At all Newsagents and Bookstalls. 1/-.

Doctor's Choice

Continued from page 30

WALT was sceptical. "Just the after-effects of shock," he said. "You are jumping to conclusions." "Ruptured spleen," Dean repeated. "All the evidence points that way." They argued it back and forth for a while, but Walt was still unimpressed.

"I've already ordered portable X-rays," he said. "But it's just routine. Nothing to get excited about. Anyway, I thought you were in a hurry."

"I'll wait for the results," Dean answered.

Walt looked at him curiously. He put his pipe between his teeth. "You are making a rather far-fetched diagnosis, aren't you?" he asked.

Dean lit a cigarette, and they both leaned back against the wall, waiting. After a few minutes they went down to the X-ray room. Joe was already looking at the wet plates in the view box.

"Can't see a thing but the broken rib," he said.

Walt took a quick look and nodded in agreement.

"How about this?" Dean pointed to the plates, pointing out the details as they appeared to him.

"I still say it's a case of ruptured spleen," he ended. "Better send her to the operating room."

"I'm not going to operate," Walt said. "It would just be a surgical exercise."

"It's not surgery that kills the patient," Dean told him. "It's too long a delay."

Bill came out into the hall. "The patient can hear you arguing," he said. "She told me that Dean had a nice face, and that she could tell he would follow his own decisions."

Walt shook his head. "I won't take the responsibility. We'll strap up the rib and observe her until morning."

Dean straightened his tie and buttoned his coat. He looked at Bill, and beyond him at the open door of the shock room.

"Then I'll do it," he said quietly.

"You're taking a chance," Walt said. "This is a tricky case. If anything went wrong, the authorities would say that you should have called in a visiting doctor."

"Remember what I told you," Joe growled. "Dr. Winsow-Jason is a man with principles."

"There isn't time to call anyone in," Dean spoke quickly. "Will you sign the case over to me?"

"Of course, if that's the way you feel," Walt answered. "But what about your party?"

Dean put his hands in his pockets and walked a few steps down the hall. Then he wheeled around and came back decisively.

"Look, Walt, will you be a good fellow and go out to Penny's house for me? Her father has somebody special there that he wants me to know, and Penny will be furious if I don't turn up." He looked at Walt appraisingly.

"Why not?" Walt smiled. "I'll be glad to shed this monkey suit for the evening."

"Tell her all about it. Say I'm sorry. If this doesn't take too long, I'll be out later." Dean turned quickly and spoke to Joe. "Better get things rolling. Call the operating floor and tell them we want to schedule an emergency case. Tell the anaesthetist to give spinal and gas. You and Bill get ready."

In the scrub room the only noise was the swish of the water and the bristling sound of the brush as Dean scrubbed his hands and arms. The two internes, in their white caps and gowns, stood silently in the open door to the operating room.

"I think you are right," Bill said finally.

"Some people would rather operate than eat," Joe said.

"Did you talk to the patient?" Dean asked.

Notice to contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript on one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 1500 to 2000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Include stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1002W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Yes," said Bill. "I gave her the word."

"What did she say?" "Something silly—about how she was going to write a book called 'Inside Rae.'"

"That girl has something," Dean said. "I think you'd call it courage."

He finished scrubbing. Holding his hands in front of him, he walked into the operating room. With an expert thrust, he slipped his hands into the rubber gloves which the nurse was holding. The anaesthetist gave an all-set nod.

Dean took a deep breath. He held it for a moment. Then he took his place beside the operating table.

After they were through changing clothes in the dressing-room, Bill shook Dean's hand. "Nice work," he said. "Good thing we didn't wait."

"Sorry about the ribbing, huh," Joe muttered. "A better job of plumbing repair I never have seen."

Dean gave him a grin. "What time is it?" he asked.

Joe looked at his watch. "Eleven straight up. Your gal is going to be madder than a witch by the time you get to the party."

Dean rubbed the back of his neck. "I don't think I'll go," he said. "I'm too tired."

The next morning at seven-thirty the telephone beside Dean's bed shrilled out.

"We had quite a time," said Walt.

"Where?"

"At Daddy Day's party, of course. Penny took a pretty dim view of your not coming. I had to console her. Why didn't you call?"

"Stow it," said Dean. "As soon as I get my eyes open, I'll fix everything."

"That was a score for you in the operating room last night," Walt said. "I just saw the patient. She's feeling very chipper. Haven't seen a girl that easy to look at since I left college. She's a funny character, too. I'd like to find out more about her."

"That," said Dean. "Is exactly what I am going to do."

Rae was in the end bed in Ward C. Even in the unbleached hospital gown, with the drab bed screen for a backdrop, she had an out-of-this-world look about her. As she saw Dean come into the ward she smiled.

"My neighbor in the next bed lent me her lipstick," she said.

"How do you feel?" Dean asked.

Rae looked at him seriously. "Fine, thanks to you."

"Who's been talking to you?"

"One of the internes... the polite one."

"But you don't seem very concerned," Dean said.

"My mother always told me never to worry more than one night over each set of troubles," Rae answered.

The ward was still teeming with early morning chores. One of the nurses, passing by, gave Dean a stiff-necked stare.

"You look uncomfortable," said Rae.

"I am, but I want to talk to you. Where do you live?"

"I used to live in an adobe hut in Arizona," Rae answered dreamily. "My mother still lives there. The hut has a dirt floor and silk sheets."

"What does your mother do?" "Paints mostly," said Rae. "Pictures of things like gold typewriters and purple lobsters on leafless. People pay money for them."

"She sounds famous," Dean said. "She is, I guess. Maybe you've heard of her. She calls herself Wallanda."

Dean's eyes sparkled. "I see," he said. "Then you should have pretty easy going in the painting business. That's all it takes, isn't it? Just a few connections."

Rae gazed straight at him and through him, past the row of screens, and into space.

"Thereby hangs the tale," she said. "You see, I was already doing pretty well as Wallanda, the second. I even had a show of my own, and my masterpiece was an atrocity called Buzards With Baby Faces. But I left the fold a couple of years ago. I wanted to do something on my own. Something honest. Does that sound silly?"

Please turn to page 35

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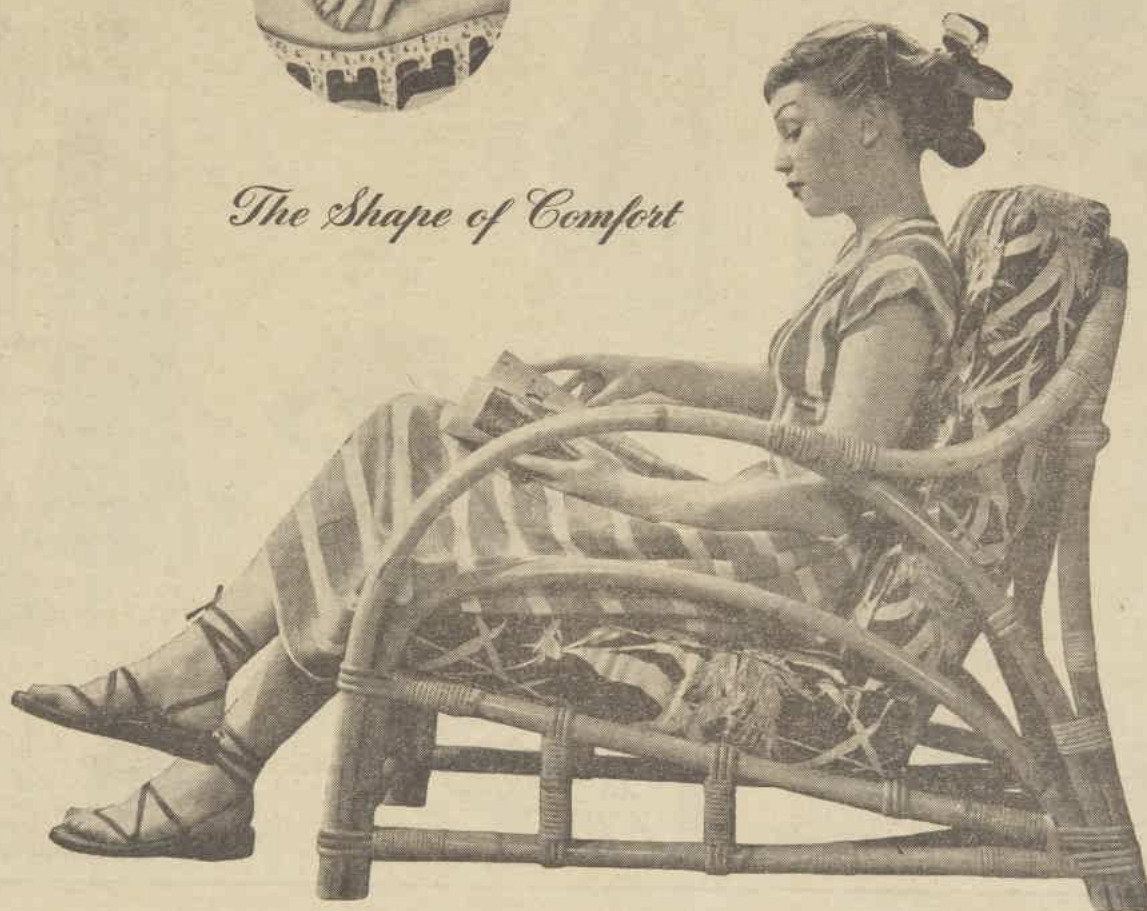
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Doctor's Choice

Continued from page 32

LAUGHING, Dean agreed: "Yes, it does sound a little silly."
"It's all in how you look at it," Rae said. "You see, I have a theory. It isn't success that matters so much. It's partly in the doing. Just keep your hands stretched out and you are certain to catch the ball."

"But to toss away a chance like that! I—Don't you think you were bending over backwards to be idealistic?" Impatiently, Dean took the chair off the hook at the foot of Rae's bed.

Rae hesitated before she spoke. She seemed to be making up her mind. "Why did you stay last night?" she asked.

"Because there was a job to be done," answered Dean.

"Your friend told me about you," Rae went on. "Some people think that you are just a backslapper, but he seems to feel that you are an all-right guy."

Dean kept looking at her. "It's possible to combine the two, isn't it?" he asked.

Rae smiled. "You can't get to heaven on a feather bed," she answered.

With exaggerated care, Dean made a note on the chart and replaced it on the hook. When he looked up, Rae was still watching him. Eyes wide, the smile still trembling on her lips, the sunlight stronger now on the top of her gold-colored hair. The radiance made Dean turn his eyes away.

The same nurse passed by again. "There's a call for you, Doctor Lancaster," she said. "They've been paging you for twenty minutes."

Uncertainly, Dean moved away from Rae's bed. Outside the door he shrugged. Hands in pockets, whistling tensely, he hurried down the hall to the telephone.

"Hello, Deanie?"

"Yes, this is Dean."

"Deanie?"

His lips stiffened. With effort, he moved them to form the words, "Yes, this is Deanie."

"I was distressed last night," said Penny.

"Not too distressed, from what I hear," Dean laughed.

"You could have come if you really had wanted to."

"Not so fast, dear. I saved a girl's life. I'll tell you all about it when I see you."

Penny's voice was bland. "Well, I understand, darling, but I'm not sure that daddy will. There are some things which you had better let me handle. Daddy went to a great deal of trouble to get the chief of your service out here, and then—"

"Who?" Dean asked. "Was Dr. Winslow Jason the special guest?"

"Yes, he was. You had better think up some good excuse or daddy will hit the ceiling."

"I don't need to. I couldn't have had a better one."

"I know, Deanie, but daddy—"

Dean's face reddened. The veins in his neck stood out like two pulsating cords. "Be hanged to daddy!" He said it very loudly and clearly. The table shook as he suddenly banged the receiver down.

The screens had been pushed back in Ward C, and there was a creaking of bed springs as Dean came in. Rae giggled.

"You are beginning to look like that picture on the stamp," she said. "You know, the one of the bedside light."

"I feel more like the man who has just cut his own throat," he said. He pulled a chair up from near the wall, straddled it, and folded his arms across the back. "How did you feel when you blew out of Arizona?" he asked.

"Not so good at first," Rae told him. "I like to eat, and I like to be admired. Mother was a little difficult about it too. For a long time she treated me like a red-headed step-child. But things are clearing up now clear as a crystal ball. Now tell me something about your self."

"Nothing spectacular. I'm just a medico. Not poor enough to be belligerent. Not rich enough to be assured. I'd like to be a surgeon, but it's a long row to hoe; and the way things look right now, I'm not going to get the appointment I want. I can write my own diagnosis right now: course, stormy; prognosis, unfavorable."

"I don't know what 'prognosis' means," Rae said, "but I love three-syllable words."

"Prognosis," said Dean, "means the probable result of a given disease, as determined by its symptoms."

"Maybe the Angel Gabriel will appear with a clap of thunder and advise you," Rae told him.

Dean laughed. "That's not the Angel Gabriel. That's Joe, the lovable interne."

Joe came heavy-footing it into the ward. "What goes on?" he wanted to know. "The Glad Boy doesn't usually apply his bedside manner this way. . . . Wait is looking for you, bub. And he's fretting around like an old woman."

Dean found Wait on the sixth floor. He was making rounds in the male ward, and wearing an expression of morning-after despondency.

"I didn't finish telling you about last night," he said.

"I've already talked to Penny," Dean answered.

"But she didn't tell you what a rat I was, did she? I told Doctor Jason all about the case; and, naturally, I painted you as somewhat reckless, and myself as a cautious character."

Dean shrugged. "After all, you thought I was wrong. Can't blame you for taking advantage of it."

Wait laughed.

"No, I don't think you will blame me," he said in a dreary voice. "I succeeded in getting Doctor Jason so interested in the case that he came in early this morning to make rounds. I heard him quizzing the internes about the operation, and I never saw the old boy look so impressed. Then he started asking the rest of the staff what they thought of you for the head-resident job next year."

Dean gave him a teeth-rattling slap on the shoulder. "I'm going back to Ward C," he said.

Rae had been sleeping. She passed her hand over her forehead and greeted Dean with a flicker of the eyelids.

"What did your friend want?"

"You were right about the Angel Gabriel," Dean said. "I think I am going to get that appointment."

"You have to know the right people, don't you?" Rae giggled.

"You also have to know which people are right—" Dean stopped short. "That sounds like something you might say!"

Rae gave him her smile again. "I made everything look golden. 'How is your prognosis now?' she asked. Dean looked down at her. "Terrific," he answered. "Slightly terrific."

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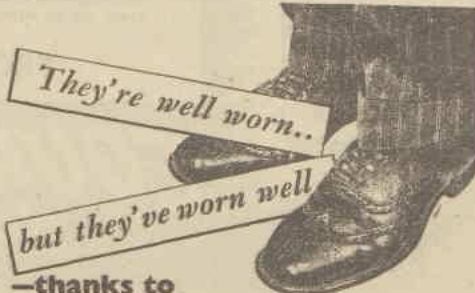


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JUST then I heard Lewis, sitting in the row ahead of me, say to Burns: "The man is obviously not American-born, judging from his accent, I'd say he's French."

"French? Ridiculous," was the answer. "He's never been near France. I have a good ear for accents. I say Hungarian—from Budapest, in fact."

Hungarian... French... The answer suddenly flashed through my mind. Of course—it was Antal Pál. Paris... twenty years ago... the Hungarian painter. But then he had worn a small moustache.

I stood up. "Gentlemen," I said to Burns and Lewis, "you're both right. I know the man; he's a Hungarian who lived in Paris for years."

"I tried to leave, but Burns held me tightly by the arm. 'You must tell us more about him. What is his name?'"

"Antal Pál. But you must excuse me. I want to try to catch him in the office."

Burns accompanied me to the door. "Is he really so rich?"

"That I don't know. When I first met him, he was a pauper, as I was myself. He was something of a genius. There were so many stories. He always had new ideas for raising money. Why, he supported the entire Hungarian artist colony for months the time he had his idea for the painting factory."

"A painting factory?"

"Yes. I worked in it too. He was my boss."

Burns and I had by now reached the stairway. "I must go back now," he said, "but you'll have to tell me more about this man."

I hurried downstairs and found Antal Pál in the cashier's office. He was counting the money out on the counter. I didn't want to interrupt, so sat and waited.

Scenes from my Bohemian days in Paris passed through my mind. Yes, life had not been too easy the time I chanced to meet Antal in the *Bâtiment de la Reine Pedagogue*.

We met, not among guests in the restaurant, but in the kitchen washing dishes. I had come to Paris to gain fame as a painter, and six weeks later I was indeed a renowned artist, but at the drainboard. And there in the kitchen I met Antal.

"I expect to stay here," he announced as he began to work, "only until I hit on the right idea for making money, not a second longer. You must know that I have experimented before this, and have learned that the worse things are for me the quicker come the good ideas."

One Sunday evening Antal had his idea. In his excitement and delight he dropped a trayload of dishes he happened to be holding. He was fired immediately.

Several weeks later he returned to the *Reine Pedagogue*, but as a guest. He brought a gay crowd along Jean, who served their table, excitedly reported on every detail.

After a while Antal came back to the kitchen. I happened to be carrying a heaped-up tray. He knocked it from my hands without a word.

"You're discharged," he cried. "You start to-morrow in my business. Take off your apron and come sit at our table. We're celebrating the opening of our painting factory."

Yes, the painting factory. That was a comic business. We produced all paintings on the assembly line. Of course we copied only the most renowned masters. Fifteen painters worked ten hours a day. One traced the designs on the canvas. Each painter had to work on a different color. One the red tones, another the green, another the blue, and so forth. I did yellow and orange shades.

In this manner it was possible to produce twenty Mona Lisas or twelve copies of Rembrandt's *Night Watch* in one day. And the impressionists—they were a game for us; thirty Manets or Cezannes was an average daily quota. Antal was a master at the finishing technique. Our chief customer happened to be a Turk, who sold the copies throughout the Orient as originals.

Antal had finished counting out the money, and now stood boredly looking about the room while the cashier checked it. Suddenly his eyes remained fixed on me. He stared, and as I nodded and got up from my chair he rushed over towards me.

A Story Without a Moral

Continued from page 5

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but did you ever wash dishes in Paris?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "but only in the finest restaurants."

"Of course it's you," he cried. "How could I doubt it? The master of the yellow shades." He embraced me with emotion, then looked me over. "A little older, a little heavier—but not changed. I've thought of you so often. Are you still painting?"

"No, I'm an art dealer; have been for a number of years. And you? Still running the painting factory?" I asked jokingly.

To my amazement he nodded. "Painting factory is correct, but somewhat different from Paris. We make art prints. The shop is in Chicago. I have my own process and two hundred employees, doing well."

"That was a fine time in Paris. I was very unhappy when I had to return to the States. And I remember hearing from someone that your factory didn't last much longer."

"No; shortly after your departure we gave up the business. It was partly my fault. I left Paris, too. There was a girl—"

"For a change," I interrupted, laughing.

"This time it was very serious, and I decided it was better to disappear for a while." He was silent for a moment. "And it was apparently for the best. Fate often leads us along strange roads, and we stumble without realising it into good luck or bad." He smiled.

"You are probably surprised to hear such words from my mouth," he continued. "It doesn't suit me. But the truth is that you've found me in an unaccustomed solemn mood to-day. And since this is so, and we are old friends, I will gladly tell you about it." He looked around. "But not here."

"I know a little bar around the corner where they serve real French wine."

"French wine!" he exclaimed. "What are we waiting for?"

BEFORE speaking again, Antal drank his first glass of wine. "Were you upstairs at the bidding before we met?" he asked at last.

I nodded. "The people must have thought I was crazy."

I was puzzled. "You don't consider the Saint Anthony an original? I examined it thoroughly before the auction began; there can be no doubt that it is a copy. You can tell from the canvas; the weave is no more than forty years old."

"The canvas is eighteen years old."

"How can you be so specific?"

"I myself painted the copy," he said slowly.

I stared at him without comprehension.

He filled his glass. "Do you remember Giselle? She also worked in our factory."

"Were you in love with her?"

"Yes, I fell in love with her, and finally we were married and went to live in Vienna. But things didn't go well for me, and Giselle quickly wearied of living without money. After four months she left me flat and went to the United States. I was heartbroken."

"For weeks I remained in a state of complete lethargy. When at last my will to live returned I concentrated all my energies on one idea—to find Giselle again. And for this I needed money." He sipped his wine, set down the glass.

"You remember how I always said that the most important thing in life was to have the right idea?" he went on. "I walked the streets for hours waiting for the sudden flash of genius. And then one day as I leaped through a newspaper I noticed an ad: 'Room to let in distinguished household. Antique furniture.' I leaped from my chair—I had my idea at last!" And then he gave me the full story.

An elderly lady, living alone, the widow of the Austrian General von Frank, one-time adjutant to Kaiser Franz Josef, wished to let an elegantly furnished room. Her apartment with its antique furniture and the genuine old pictures on the walls

fairly breathed culture and wealth. Obviously it was not need which compelled Frau von Frank to let a room. She was merely afraid of being alone in the big house.

I was invited by my elderly hostess to join her in a cup of coffee, and we chatted for a long time. I extended myself to be charming and amiable, and won her sympathy completely by telling the story of my unhappy love for Giselle.

There is no tested recipe for capturing a young woman's heart. But to win the affection of an elderly lady there is a sure technique. You let her mother you. I discovered very quickly that Frau von Frank was looking not for a tenant, but for a son.

I moved in that very day, determined to carry through my plans.

One of Frau von Frank's ancestors had been the military governor of Milan, at the time that part of Italy still belonged to Austria. He had brought back a painting which was the showpiece of the house, *The Temptations of Saint Anthony*. It hung in the room which I was now to occupy, and, full of pride, Frau von Frank had drawn my attention to it.

She explained that it was a genuine Magnasco, a seventeenth-century Italian painter. Her grandfather had given a hundred gold ducats for it that time in Milan, an appallingly high price for the period.

Well, of course, it had not been necessary for Frau von Frank to thus impress on me the high value of the picture. I had noticed the Saint Anthony as soon as I had walked into the room, and I realised at once that there before me was a genuine old Italian master. This was what I had been searching for.

The next morning I set to work. I locked the door and set up my easel. You know how quickly I can copy a picture; however, I took plenty of time with the Saint Anthony.

I had never before worked with such thoroughness and such ambition and when finally, after twelve days, I placed Alessandro Magnasco's initials in the corner of the canvas and threw aside my brush, I was convinced that no one would be able to differentiate between the original and the copy without examining the canvas.

I exchanged the pictures, and the following evening I smuggled the original out of the house and shipped it to a gallery in New York with instructions to sell it as quickly as possible.

To my shame I must admit that not for a second did I have the sense of doing something wrong. Frau von Frank was a wealthy woman, and all the members of her family lived in the most comfortable circumstances. My copy hung in the genuine frame and differed in no way from the original.

A few weeks later I received word from New York that the picture had been sold at a much higher price than I had dared anticipate. Immediately arranging to have part of the money transferred to me, I set all the wheels in motion for my departure for the United States.

Frau von Frank was very sad when I told her I was planning to leave Vienna. She confessed that, despite the brevity of our acquaintance, she had come to love me like a son. She helped with all the preparations for my trip, and even accompanied me to the station.

As she embraced me at parting she whispered, "If things should not go well for you over there, and you should need money, wire me. Remember that you have someone in Vienna who feels toward you like a mother."

I am not a sentimental person, but this farewell speech shattered my equilibrium. My guilty conscience plagued me and I toyed with the idea of writing to Frau von Frank immediately after my arrival in New York, and confessing everything.

I began at once to construct the letter in my mind, but it was hard to find the right words, and the search for appropriate expression so wearied me that I fell asleep.

"All that I've told you up to now is merely the prologue to my story, and took place long ago," commented Antal.

Please turn to page 41

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Housewives all over the country are changing to "brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending.

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TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY
RUFFLED



SPREADING

out a nightgown of uncompromising simplicity. Temperance went on calmly. "If we were marooned on a mountain-top we'd huddle together for warmth and not think a thing about it. But because this icebox happens to be called a bedroom you go to pieces. Please remember that Cynthia and I have a gentleman's agreement about you, and that I have no designs whatever, except to go to sleep."

Andrew turned his outraged back on her. He heard her laugh softly to herself. So he was being very funny. When he looked around again she was in bed, sitting up against the pillows, the clothes drawn up to her chin. Without her glasses she looked like a young and thoughtful squirrel.

"Mind you, Andrew," she said, "I'm prepared to admit, off the record, that getting married as we did, just to win all those prizes, though absolutely legal, may not have been entirely ethical. In cold blood I probably would not have done it. But I was at the end of my tether. If you had lived with Mother and Violet for twenty-odd years, you'd sympathise."

"How do you know I don't?" he blurted out.

"Do you?"

"I saw Violet. I saw and heard your mother."

She gave a small, relaxed sigh.

"I'm glad. I wouldn't want you to think too badly of me. Basically,

The Great Question

Continued from page 7

I'm almost painfully honest." She yawned. "And dreadfully tired. I'm going to sleep. If you've got any sense that's not tied up with planes you'll join me. Or you'll freeze to death."

She snuggled down with Snooky—as she must have done as a little girl with her doll—and turned her back on him and the light.

He realised with a queer, startling clutch at the heart that she and her companion were already fast asleep. He could hear Snooky's small but rhythmic snore of absolute content.

And there he stood, forlorn and forgotten. He could feel the cold rising through his boots. He was freezing, inexorably, idiotically, to death.

Andrew woke Temperance out of deep sleep. In the drear dawn his unshaven face looked ruffianly.

"Please come at once," he said.

"Brad says Betta is feeling pretty bad."

She dressed fast. At the door, however, she stopped for a moment and looked back. The pillow beside hers had been carefully smoothed out. But not quite carefully enough.

She ran downstairs, humming a little tune under her breath.

Presently, as she sat beside Betta, Andrew put his head around the

living-room door and said, "I've got coffee for you. The real McCoy. Just the way you make it."

After a while Temperance came out and set herself down at the kitchen table. She was grey with tiredness.

He filled her cup and sat down opposite her. "It's bad, isn't it?" he asked.

She nodded. "As bad as can be. It's gone on too long. Two days of it. And she isn't strong. I guess a doctor would know what to do. I don't. I'm out of my depth."

"But you can swim."

She gave him a fleeting little grin. "I'm not as good as all that."

She had taken off her glasses as she did when she was too tired to cure what anybody knew about her. He met her unguarded eyes for a moment and dropped his own to his clasped hands.

"I think you're good," he said. "You know, a great thought has just struck me. If you hadn't done what you did—run off with me and the plane and the whole show—we wouldn't be here. No one would be here. That poor kid wouldn't have even a fighting chance."

"You're not too bad yourself," she said. "I never thought you could be gentle and patient and so decent about Snooky. A lot of men would object to sharing a bed with a scruffy little dog!"

Please turn to page 39



I find Ford Pills suit me perfectly. Whenever I'm feeling headachy or listless, they put me right on top of the world again. I always keep Ford Pills in the house.

FORD PILLS



For my husband as well, Ford Pills are specially suitable. At the first signs of indigestion or stomach troubles, one or two Ford Pills at bedtime make him a new man in the morning.

FORD PILLS



Joan, too, is a picture to look at. Clear eyes, healthy skin, always ready to enjoy life to the full — thanks to her appreciation of Ford Pills.

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When Joan was a baby, and before she came along, I found Ford Pills just right for expectant and nursing mothers. They don't cause griping, flavour mother's milk or upset baby.

Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all of your family.

In Plastic Tubes
2/6 EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

The Great Question

Continued from page 38

ANDREW went slowly, painfully scarlet to the roots of his vigorous black hair. But Temperance wasn't looking at him. "I sort of know what that little dog means to you," he mumbled.

"A lot," Temperance admitted gravely. "She picked me up years ago on a New York side street, just as you picked me up. She was only a puppy, at the end of her tether, too. I guess somebody wanted to get rid of her because she wasn't much to look at. You know how mean people can be." She sighed.

"Mother and Violet raised the dickens, of course. You can imagine. So every day I had to take her to the office. My boss was awfully nice about her. He's a lawyer. But he's nice."

"Oh," Andrew said. He added after a moment's serious thought. "I guess people get some sense as they get older."

"But he isn't old. He's quite young. Sometimes he takes me out to lunch."

"You told me," he said sternly, "that you'd never had a date."

"Oh, it's not what you'd call a date. It's a sort of bribery and corruption. He thinks he can't get on without me, so at strategic intervals, when he gets scared, he feeds me."

He studied her uneasily.

"Sometimes," he said, "you scare me, too. You scare me stiff. You push me around so, I don't know where you will push me next."

"I don't push you. I couldn't. It's just that you know I'm right and because you're sensible, too, at heart. That's what you want, isn't it, Andrew?"

"I don't know what I want." He unclasped his hands and looked them over as though he'd never seen them before. His tone was faintly aggrieved. "The other night you called me Andy, and—"

A cry cut him short. Brad loomed in the doorway. "Come quickly!" he gasped to Temperance.

The two men collided. They seemed to have lost all sense of direction. Temperance took both of them by the arm and steered them to the door.

"Get out, both of you," she said, "and stay out. You make me nervous."

Outside the air was bright and shining as polished steel. The sun hadn't much warmth. But, unbelievably, it was where it belonged in a cloudless sky.

The two men ploughed through the unbroken snow to where the plane, like a white, glittering bird, waited to take to its wings.

"We could clear a runway in a couple of hours," Brad said. "All you need is gas." He put his hand on the propeller and gave it a little nudge. "If we ever realised what life cost," he said, "we might be less free-and-easy with it." He was trying, and he didn't care who knew.

"If anything happens to her," he went on at last, "I'm through. A couple of years ago I was just crazily in love. She was so pretty I couldn't take my eyes off her. Now I love her and I wouldn't care what she looked like. After a while you don't see what a woman looks like any more. You just know what she is."

Andrew put back his head, listening. "Planes!" he said.

They came over the mountain crests. They circled right overhead. One of them swooped down so that they could see the pilot's grinning, joyful face. He dipped his wings.

Brad burst into hysterical laughter. "These Sparkles have got the whole air force out after you!" he said.

Then things happened in quick succession. Andrew heard that faint but vixenish shrilling of a telephone, like an angry woman. The door of the cabin flew open. He saw Temperance signalling urgently to him. He and Brad reared each other through the knee-deep snow. He caught hold of her, and with a queer, irrational triumph felt her sag against him.

"It's all right. I think it's going to be all right," she said it over and over again as though to reassure herself, too. And then, as an afterthought, "It's a boy," she said.

Brad pushed past her like a maniac.

It was a royal aerial procession. The escorting planes swooped and curvetted about them.

One of them, as they sighted the Empire State Building, went into convulsions, leaving a white smoke trail behind it: "Rub-4-U Sparkles."

Andrew groped round with his free hand. It was taken and held in a firm but icy clasp.

"Scared?" he asked.

"Just furious," Temperance answered. "There was a time, Andrew, when I felt a bit remorseful. I planned to give back my share of the loot. But those bright boys have had more than their money's worth."

From the rear seats a baby crowded sleepily and a woman's voice murmured reassurance.

Brad leaned forward.

"It looks like a howling mob down there," he said. "We'll never have another chance to thank you both. But next summer when you pay the shack a return visit, we three'll make good the bad time we gave you."

"It was the best time—" Andrew began, and choked down "of my life" before it was too late. He wondered if the girl beside him knew what he had swallowed. He gave her an uneasy side-glance.

Something had happened in that week in which they two, half a dozen specialists, newspapermen, cameramen, and top-ranking Sparkles representatives had cluttered the lakeside, fighting for and over Bettis' and Brad, Jun's, lives.

Temperance's small profile had a new look. Or it had been there all the time and he just hadn't noticed it. The long jawline was definitely beautiful.

She didn't return his glance, though he knew she'd felt it. Probably she was thinking of Mother and Violet, sharpening their claws down there to grab whatever they could out of the situation.

He took a peek earward at the congealed mass of pin-point faces. Maybe Cynthia was waving to him. One of these days when they'd disentangled themselves, he'd marry her. He couldn't seem to remember why. But he had a sensation at the pit of his stomach such as he had not felt since his first homesickness.

"Hold your hat, Cookie!" he said. "We're going down!"

THOUSANDS of

women and a sprinkling of men who, for their several reasons, had nothing else to do, were kept at bay by a cordon of police. A band played.

Mr. Clyde, the Rub-4-U Sparkles announcer, stood at the foot of the gangway with his microphone, his hearty handshake, and his grin.

"Rub-4-U Sparkles are thankful to welcome you safe back!" he said. He clung to his partner with one hand and to Andrew with the other.

"We're proud to announce," he said, "that the future home of our happy pair, thanks to unprecedented efforts, is ready waiting for them. Mr. and Mrs. Brad Lindsey, who played a great part in their adventure, are here, too. If you listen, folks, you'll hear Brad, Jun's gurgle. . . I don't have to tell you what Mrs. Brad uses to wash his baby-clothes. . . Mrs. Andy, say a few words."

Andrew had been looking round for Cynthia. She wasn't there. Maybe she'd missed the bus again. But Violet and her mother had made it.

Nothing in the interval, had happened to them. Violet looked as meaningfully pretty as ever and disconcerted. Her mother wept.

Temperance was saying her few words. Andrew wondered what they were and whether Mr. Clyde liked them. He'd never know. As usual, he was being pushed around and finally into the convertible, which, for the occasion, was driven by a uniformed chauffeur.

Mr. Clyde drove on ahead in the wake of screeching motor-cycle police.

Andrew lit his companion's cigarette with a hand that shook a little.

"There's nothing for it," he said, "but to take our medicine. We've got to keep up our act—for a while, anyway. You can't go off to Reno until all this uproar dies down." He sounded curiously complacent.

Please turn to page 40

Change of Fortune

BY DAL

LONELY . . .



UNLOVED . . . UNTIL



THE CRYSTAL TOLD . . .

ABOUT LIFEBOUY

"B.O." can spoil your future. But Lifebuoy, with its special health ingredient, gives lasting, all-over protection from "B.O."



W 357, WY82

AND HAPPINESS BEGAN



Joe Potter

on his wedding morn

Felt more than normally forlorn



For though he doted on his Jane, A simply awful stomach-pain At times of stress, to his despair, Would rob him of his *avouir faire*.

But Joe's best man knew what to do. "Dear Joe," he said, "I'll see you through."

For nervous indigestion, lad, A pleasant treatment may be had— A five-fold certified antacid For keeping tum-tums always placid, Just suck two Rennies, one by one, And stop the pain from coming on— And as they're wrapped, they're just the thing

For waistcoat-pockets, with the ring! And since the day Joe married Jane He's never known a stomach-pain.

End stomach upsets with two Digestif Rennies, sucked slowly, one after the other. Rennie's five-fold formula quickly, but gently, neutralises excess acid—restores normal digestion. If Rennies fail to give you speedy relief, you should see your doctor. From any chemist—separately wrapped, convenient to carry. 1/- a packet or four times the quantity for 4/6.

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RENNIES

relieve the pain of indigestion



DR. J. 10

A picture to frame — by Hans Heysen

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Z.184.142

IT was a prefabricated Cape Cod cottage set on a neat, new lawn in a recently conceived suburb. All the new-looking neighbors were out. They lined the footpaths, cheering and waving. A battery of cameras went into action. Mr. Clyde, with his microphone, waited on the doorstep.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Rub-4-U fans everywhere, here is the happy pair. Now, Andy, if you'd just carry your bride across the threshold—"

Andrew gave Temperance a gentle little push ahead of him. But he pushed Mr. Clyde rudely and roughly in the chest.

"Get out of here—all of you!" he said. And slammed the door. The cottage, inside, was just as advertised. Everything was there, still looking a little stage-struck. Temperance recognised the baby grand, the whatnots, the occasional tables, the overstuffed furniture, the mahogany television set. In the kitchen she knew that the electric cooker, refrigerator, dish-washer and deep-freeze waited inexorably for her.

Her heart sank under a burden of sick disappointment. Maybe when she'd rubbed off some of the gloss and mussed its smooth and shiny hair she'd make the place into a home. But she had her doubts. There was something awfully, incurably wrong.

It might be, of course, just Cynthia, who rose sleekly from a pseudo-French gift chair to greet them.

"I overslept," she explained, "and a friend of mine drove me over. We found a caretaker and I said I was your bridesmaid, darling, so he let me in. I'd sort of planned a wedding breakfast for you. But it was too late—or wasn't it?"

"We're not hungry," Andrew said. He took a puzzled, gloomy look at her. She was, if anything, lovelier. The odd thing was that he didn't really see her loveliness any more. Or it didn't mean anything.

He remembered what Brad had said: "After a while you don't know any more what a woman looks like. You just know what she is."

What was Cynthia? He hadn't, he discovered, the dimmest idea, except that she was someone incapable of being anywhere on time.

"I hope things weren't too rugged," she said amiably, filling in the stiff and sticky silence. "But that blizzard of yours, darling, certainly messed them up for me."

"It wasn't my blizzard," Temperance corrected, but without conviction. "And, after all, it only means a delay, doesn't it, Andrew?"

Andrew said nothing. Maybe he hadn't heard. He appeared absorbed in the contemplation of a brightly-colored reproduction that called itself "Venice by Moonlight" which hung over the fireplace.

"We thought you'd crashed," Cynthia said, with a faint air of explanation. "It was three days before we got news of you. Even Mr. Clyde said you couldn't have survived. He was frantic. It was the worst sort of publicity. He might have lost his job."

"I hope neither of you lost your sleep," Andrew said without turning around.

Cynthia smiled in Temperance's general direction. "Dear Andy has such an awful temper. Dark men with grey eyes so often have. But I expect you've found that out already during."

Temperance said rather sharply that she hadn't. "I don't annoy him," she explained.

Andrew turned on his heel to stare at her. How did she know she didn't annoy him? Anyhow, he wished now that he hadn't pushed Mr. Clyde out of a situation that needed all his sunny optimism. Even the neighbors would have helped. So that when Temperance said, "There's someone at the door, Andrew," he almost leaped to open it.

Mr. Clyde, his microphone, and his

The Great Question

Continued from page 39

cohorts had vanished. The neighbors had retreated aggrievedly into their prefabricated nests. Everything in sight was neat and small and calm, including the elderly man with the brief-case and the air of purpose.

"If you're another of those Sparkles—" Andrew began aggressively.

"The name is Brown," The elderly gentleman proffered a rather worn card. "I represent the Collector of Internal Revenue," he said.

The four of them sat around the kitchen table. Temperance had unearthed a can of coffee from under a year's supply of "Rub-4-U" and Mr. Brown took appreciative sips between statements of cold fact.

"The Government has made it a practice — unofficially, of course — to warn people like yourselves," he said. "We have found that there has been a great deal of misunderstanding pertaining to these contests, which, in turn, have led to serious consequences. In effect, Mr. McKail, we have estimated, unofficially of course, and without regard to your and your wife's personal incomes, that in the coming fiscal year you will owe the United States Government approximately \$15,000."

SERIAL WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF QUEEN MARY

FIRST instalment will begin next week of "Three Blind Mice," our new serial by Sgatha Christie.

This popular and versatile writer of mysteries needs no introduction to our readers, who have so thoroughly enjoyed her previous serials that we have published.

Readers will, however, be intrigued to learn that this particular story was originally written as a radio serial play at the special request of Queen Mary for inclusion in the B.B.C.'s celebrations in honor of her birthday.

Watch for the opening instalment, which, in true Christie style, plunges straight into an unusual mystery when a sinister stranger whistles the refrain of the nursery rhyme, "Three Blind Mice," not in a mood of childish sport, but a deadly one of murder.

There was a thoughtful silence. Cynthia got up and went into the living-room, where she dialled a number.

She said presently, "Jim, dear, you can pick me up any time now." And hung up gently, as she might have done in a household recently bereaved.

"That means, I guess," Andrew said at last in a hard, dry voice, "most of the cash and the car and — and maybe the plane, too."

"The house and fixings," Temperance corrected firmly.

He frowned at her. "You've always wanted a home," he said. "You've earned it the hard way. And you're going to keep it, if it kills me."

"But this isn't my home, Andrew. It never could be. It just isn't a home. But the plane's wonderful. It's yours. It's your big chance."

Mr. Brown stood up, shuffling his papers back into his brief-case.

"That's for you young people to work out," he said. He became a shade human: "The Government has, unfortunately, only one interest in the matter."

"Don't tell us," Andrew said. "We heard you the first time."

Mr. Brown murmured, "Good

morning," with the resigned air of one who has never been loved and knows he never will be. Only Cynthia smiled at him, absently, from habit. He might be a tax collector. He was still a man.

"I'm terribly sorry, Andy," she said, drawing on her gloves. "I was trying so hard to make up my mind. And now it's all been made up for me. It's sort of Fate, isn't it? You're awfully fascinating, darling, and I'm just devoted to you. But I'd never make the grade with just you and a plane. I know I wouldn't. And Jim does want to marry me. He's in the advertising business in a big way. You do see what I mean, don't you?"

"Clearly," Andrew said.

"And you're not too hurt?"

"I don't feel a thing. I may be shell-shocked."

She looked faintly dubious. "A girl has to do the best with what she's got," she said. "Any girl would understand. You do, too, don't you, Temperance? You don't think I'm horrid, do you?"

"I think you're awfully honest," Temperance said. "I always thought so."

Cynthia kissed them both. From the door she looked back at them pensively. "I do hope you two really like each other," she said.

Andrew followed Temperance into the kitchen and watched her thrum cups and saucers, with a heaped spoonful of Sparkles, into the electric dishwasher. She wasn't, for once, an expert.

"Do we?" he asked.

"I can only speak for myself, Andrew."

"Go ahead then say it."

"Yes," she said. Then she broke one of the saucers. "Well, do you or don't you?" she asked indignantly.

"I'm thinking about it, hard," he said. He helped her gather up the pieces. He found milk in the refrigerator and filled a saucerful for Snooky. "And by the way," he asked, "what does the 'r' in your name stand for?"

He half expected her to retort, "None of your business," as she had done before. But she said quite meekly, "Rose. It was my dad's name for me. When he died he called me 'Rose' any more. It sounded just too silly."

"Why? It suits you. You're the small, tight kind that opens slowly and has to have a lot of sun."

"Are you being poetical, Andrew?"

"I wouldn't put it past myself." He went on, after a reflective pause, "But I think I like Cookie best."

"You could make it Comical Cookie," she suggested, not without bitterness.

"Oh, there are all sorts of variations," he tried them out, savoring them, his grey eyes narrow with laughter. "Cute Cookie, Smart Cookie, Good Cookie." He drew cautiously nearer.

"Suppose," he said, "that as usual you got your own way and I settled for the plane, what would you do?"

"Go back to my job. I would anyway."

"You—you wouldn't consider tagging along?"

She was mouse-still and tense. "I don't have to consider, Andy," she said at last in a small but resolute voice.

He pounced. He caught her by the shoulders and swung her round. Perhaps foreseeing violence, she had taken off her glasses, and he saw her unguarded eyes and their new deep warmth.

"I don't know what's got into me," he said exultantly. "But I know I can't live without you, and what's more, I don't propose to try."

He threw the packet of Rub-4-U Sparkles into the sink. He picked her up in his arms, kicked open the kitchen door, and carried her across the threshold—out.

"Sweetheart Cookie, let's us three go and find a home," he said.

(Copyright)

Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — May 28, 1949

JUNIOR ATHLETE



JAN TWOHILL, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., at 6 years of age, looks like a possible future Olympic hope. She leads her physical culture class, loves surfing and is an expert swimmer. The Trevelian Clinic started Jan on the road to health and fitness when they recommended Vegemite for her. She has enjoyed this beautiful yeast extract ever since. Vegemite is recommended by dieticians everywhere. It's richer in Niacin, richer in riboflavin, it's tastier and it costs less.

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A Story Without a Moral

Continued from page 37

PAL went on: "In America I was spared the years of poverty and struggle with which most people are initiated into the New World. I had money, was able to look about the country, to make tests, to busy myself with the development of my patents."

"Before two years had passed I had established my own factory for the manufacture of art reproductions."

"But then came the German occupation of Austria. Newspapers reported innumerable horrors, among others that all monarchists were arrested and taken to concentration camps. I thought with uneasy concern of Frau von Frank and her family."

"I arranged for a Swiss attorney to make a trip to Austria. After some delay he reported that my anxieties were unfortunately not without foundation. All members of the von Frank family had been first arrested, then deported and their property confiscated. And an important Nazi functionary was living in Frau von Frank's apartment on the Operating."

"Following a lengthy search, she was at last discovered in Paris by one of my agents. He reported that the only real emotion remaining to her was the desire to come to the United States, where somewhere a niece of hers was living."

"I made arrangements for her to immigrate and took care of all the details of her journey. I even advertised in an effort to locate her niece, now the only living member of her family, and discovered the young girl here in New York."

"She lived in modest circumstances, so that it was necessary for me to arrange to make a regular contribution for Frau von Frank's needs. Of course, the good old lady had no idea what impelled me to such generosity."

"On the day of her arrival, I came to New York and met the boat. Blessed be the day on which you entered my house," she said as we greeted each other.

"Her once grey hair had turned white, but she looked well and healthy in spite of her age. But I noticed a peculiar change in her. The events in Austria had apparently affected her. She had become quite religious."

"It is due to a miracle that I am still alive to-day," she told me. "Yes, one of God's miracles had to occur to get me out of Austria alive. All members of my family were taken prisoner. They came for me, too. They took my money and my jewelry. They made it quite plain that I should 'vanish' from Austrian soil as soon as possible. I did not hesitate and started to pack. They forbade me to take anything of value from my apartment. But how should I make a living abroad?"

"I decided to take one genuine picture with me, and chose the picture of Saint Anthony painted by Magnasco. It was not a very big picture and fairly easy to hide the rolled canvas at the bottom of my trunk. But right after my departure a Nazi official moved into my apartment. He found the empty frame and wired the frontier officials to detain me. I had to leave my compartment and they searched my luggage. Of course they found the picture at once."

"I pretended that I thought the picture was worthless, and the Nazi agreed that if an expert found I was right I could go on my way."

"But I knew my case to be hopeless, so I withdrew to a corner of my cell. I have never been religious, but there are situations in life where one feels the need to pray."

"The next morning I was called before the commissioner. He had the picture in his hand when I entered. 'The expert has examined the picture. Why do you carry stuff like this abroad? It is a reproduction valued at about fifteen marks,' he said."

"After that I was allowed to go on my way, convinced that a miracle had happened."

"Of course, I thought that the expert had done it out of pity or another motive unknown to me. But this was not the case! The genuine picture actually had changed to a reproduction. Three art dealers in Paris looked it over, and all three declared it to be a reproduction."

"You will smile, but I believe a miracle has occurred, and my belief goes even farther. I am convinced that one day, perhaps only after my death, the picture will change back into the genuine one. Yes, I do believe this."

"That was the old lady's extraordinary story," Antal said, and continued with his own:

"You can perhaps imagine how deeply I was moved by this narrative, nor did I have the courage to tell her the truth. I found the embarrassing confession too difficult, and so I did not disturb her deep conviction that a miracle had taken place."

"I made it a practice to visit her every time business brought me to New York, and I always brought some small present for her and her niece. When several days ago I returned from a business trip to England, I was shocked to learn that my old friend had died."

The news moved me, but despite the fact that I was deeply shaken I could not refrain from asking what had happened to the painting by Magnasco.

Her niece was very much surprised by the interest I displayed. "But it's not a genuine Magnasco, just a copy, and of no value at all," she explained. "You probably noticed that my aunt was rather strange during the last few years. She had the fixed idea that some day this picture would be sold for a high price. She must certainly have told you the story of her miraculous escape."

I nodded. "Well then," she continued with an indulgent smile, "if you've heard about the miracle of Saint Anthony you know the whole story. She has left orders in her will for the picture to be sold at auction and the proceeds turned over to her lawyer, who has strict instructions as to how the money shall be used."

"You know that I'm working and have been very busy. I really haven't had the time to get in touch with the lawyer. And what purpose would it serve? The picture is the only thing of value which she left, and the experts have assured me that it can't possibly bring more than twenty dollars. But I've entered it at auction nevertheless. She shall have her wish, she believed so strongly."

"I also believe in it," I said to the niece. And so the gentle old lady's faith has been justified. It is true that the copy was not transformed into the original, but the price it brought at the bidding was as large as if the painting had been genuine. I had entered the galleries with the intention of paying the same amount for the picture which I had received from the museum so long ago, not one cent less."

"That's why I insisted on forty-seven cents and was not satisfied with forty-five. The money had certainly been destined by Frau von Frank for philanthropic purposes, and, after all, one can't bargain with God; no, one can't expect to make such deals with Him. I felt that He had been generous enough with me these many years, and had waited patiently for me to find a way to repay my debt."

"So there you have the story of the miracle of Saint Anthony," finished Antal, and filled his glass once more. "And now perhaps you can understand why I am in such a serious mood."

When Antal and I parted we exchanged addresses, with the intention of arranging another meeting soon. I was more than a little surprised, however, to receive a phone call from him the following afternoon. He sounded excited.

"I'm very much upset," he told me. "It looks as if the story of the picture isn't finished yet. Can you imagine—Frau von Frank's executors notified me to-day that their client, out of gratitude for the paltry monthly allowance I had made her, has designated me as her heir. All that money will come back to me, and the picture, too."

Antal sounded baffled. "I can't imagine what the dear Lord is planning for me," he said, "but I'm beginning to understand that to conclude a bargain with Him is very complicated."

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THREE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE . . . correct for your coloring . . . correct for your costume

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MOTHER, you know what splendid relief your child gets when Vicks VapoRub is rubbed on for a cold. Now, try it this special way for extra relief when your child catches one of those painful, coughing colds that chokes up the bronchial tubes, clogs up the nose, makes throat sore, breathing difficult, phlegm hard to raise. It's "VapoRub Steam!"

Just melt a good spoonful or two of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling hot water, or in a regular vaporizer, and let him inhale the concentrated medicinal vapours.

AH-HI! How clear his nose feels... how quickly the sore, stuffy passages open up. And, with every breath, VapoRub's soothing, medicated vapours work deep in the inner air-passages that ONLY vapours can reach direct.

These intensified vapours soothe irritation, loosen deep phlegm, relieve congestion and stop coughing spasms almost instantly!

AND, FOR NIGHT-LONG DOUBLE COMFORT: After the "VapoRub Steam" treatment, rub VapoRub on chest, throat and back at bedtime. Generously! Then, he'll get the full benefit of its prolonged double action during sleep: its soothing, inhaled vapours plus its warming poultice action through the skin. Try it!



"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are trademarks.

Swiss girl to star in British films

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

The newest find for British films is a young Swiss star—Maria Schell. Sir Alexander Korda found her and he has put little Maria under a seven-year contract.

IT will enable her to shuttle between Zurich, her family home, Vienna, her spiritual home, and London, where the cameras wait to record her progress to international stardom.

Maria's first English film will be "The Angel with a Trumpet," the English version of a film made in

Austria which first brought her screen fame.

At present, Maria, blonde, grey-eyed, and fragile, is installed in a lovely mews cottage behind Brompton Oratory.

She is learning English furiously. It is the only way to describe the manner in which she is attacking the language, and her progress has been startling.

Before Maria arrived early this year, she could not speak a word of English. Now she speaks it more than fluently—almost impeccably.

But I hope that her Swiss-Austrian accent doesn't vanish altogether. It is rich and smooth like cream and it has box-office value.

Our conversation over coffee at her cottage took us on a tour of Europe, examined the troubles and dreams of most young actresses, lit here and there on this book and that play, and ended up on a unanimous vote of censure against the English climate.

All of this was in English, with Maria setting the pace. Scarcely a word out of me, scarcely a slip from her.

But—"It's a dreadful strain to have even two hours of English lessons a day," Maria clasped her head and made a quick nervous gesture with her hand.

"You see, besides that I have to speak English to everyone. I get no relief from it. You may be pleased with my progress, but I assure you my English mistress is not. She just is NEVER satisfied."

Her English mistress is manifestly a woman of character. Anyone who can keep Maria Schell still for two hours on end a day must be unusual. During coffee she bobbed up and



MARIA SCHELL, young Swiss actress under contract to Sir Alexander Korda, wears no make-up off screen. Settled in London home, she is spending two hours each day studying English, which she now speaks fluently. Her sensitive acting in European films won the attention of Korda, who offered her a seven-year contract.

New method to save film costs

PINEWOOD STUDIOS in England are taking the lead in the new "prefabricated" films.

The work may end the expensive method of constructing whole cities on the lot or sending fully equipped units with stars on location to distant areas.

Instead, time and money are saved by shooting most of the picture first and fitting the stars in afterwards.

The producer decides what buildings will be required, and then sends cameramen to photograph them from all angles in their original state.

The pictures then are projected on to screens and the players work in front of them.

The only "props" which are real are those which the players have to handle, to sit on, or to move round, plus a tree or a marble column which masks where the screens are joined in front of the camera.

darted to the kitchen for more milk, then more sugar, took a walk round the room, curled up on the settee, uncured, clasped her knees, gesticulated continuously, and kept the talk speeding along on waves of enthusiasm.

The word vivacious was invented for girls like her.

Her mews cottage is a jewel. It has heavy latched doors, and the hall is hung with old prints. Exquisite filigrees of wrought-iron cover the windows, which overlook the smooth lawns and headstones of the churchyard behind the Brompton Oratory.

Maria has drawn up a long settee in front of the huge living-room window, so that she can see all this while she studies and basks in the rare spring sunshine which filters through.

At twenty-three Maria looks like a girl five years younger, and talks like a girl five years older. She is startlingly mature.

"I am a very lucky girl. I have a wonderful father and a marvellous mother."

"He is a Swiss writer and she is a Viennese actress."

"They have given me a great start in life, and their wisdom together has taught me the real—what do you say—values."

"I was born in Vienna after the Anschluss. I always wanted to be an actress, but my father wouldn't let me until I made sure that I could earn my living in another way. He put me in a secretarial school."

"Eighteen months later I appeared in my first film in Switzerland, called 'Steinbruch.' Although it was a success, my father still wanted to see if I could earn my living from my secretarial training, so I worked in an office for six months."

"Only after that did I go to a dramatic school."

Maria is pale, and scorns make-up, except on the screen. She wears brogues and is not fashion conscious.

She has definite ideas about her career.

"I am not concerned so much with becoming a great film star—though it would be wonderful—as I am with becoming a success in myself as an actress."

"I love my work, especially on the stage, and when I am not making a film in England I shall be able to act in the theatres in Europe."

"I went to school for a time in Strasbourg, and learned French there."

Maria has many of the essentials of a fine artist. She is sensitive and serious, widely read, immensely vital, sincere, and avid to learn.

Above all, she has a delicate sense of humor.

Her current film, "The Angel With a Trumpet," is a cavalcade story, tracing the fortunes of a rich Austrian family from the 'eighties to the present day.

It will be Maria's fifth film. It also will be her first exam. in oral English.

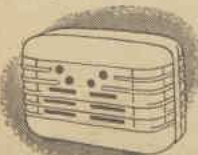
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The most compact and beautiful little mantel model radio you've ever seen



You can hold the Little Nipper on one hand. Width 12". Height 7½". Depth 5½"

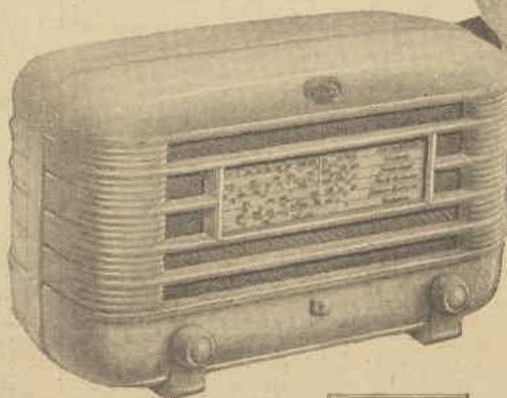


Four finger-grip holes at back make it safe and easy to carry the Little Nipper from room to room.

We are so proud of the Little Nipper we've called it after the most famous fox terrier in the world—the listening terrier which inspired our trade mark nearly 50 years ago. His name was Nipper.

Into the Little Nipper we've put the same fine quality of materials, the same fine workmanship, that we put into every higher priced H.M.V. radio receiver and radiogram.

In design the Little Nipper is far in advance of every other set of this type. Its tone is clearer. Stronger. But that is something you must hear for yourself. Even in this advertisement



you can see for yourself how beautiful it is. Simple—yes. But so beautifully simple and so reliable in operation.

So beautifully inexpensive, too. Only £17/17/6. And when you see it, and compare it, you'll know that Little Nipper really IS value.

*10/6 extra in W.A.



His Master's Voice

THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD: (Inc. in England), HOMEBUSH, N.S.W.

25 Little Nippers in Prizes for photographs of pups which look most like Nipper—the fox terrier on the H.M.V. trademark. Full details and entry forms from all H.M.V. shops.

You can see, and hear, the Little Nipper in every shop where you see the world-famous H.M.V. trademark.



Mandrake the Magician



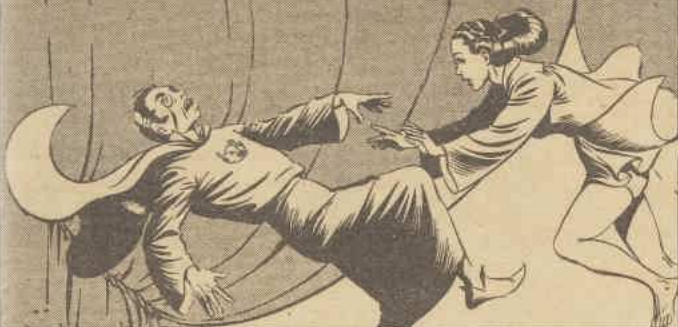
MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the Jason to the land where Lothar was born. With them is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who makes an enemy in **PRINCE ADEM:** Son of the kindly **SHEIKH OF SANDAN:** In the jungle Narda is captured by the Singing Devils, and taken

to their ruler, who turns out to be sinister Prince Adem, who is planning to overthrow his father. The Prince shows Narda the huge glass idol, with an altar inside where sacrifices are made. Captives work in the fields, and beautiful girls are sold as slaves. The Prince says that he lacks a queen, and asks Narda to marry him. **NOW READ ON:**

As I Read
★ The ★
STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

PRINCE ADEM DECLARES NARDA WILL BE HIS QUEEN OF THE SINGING DEVILS! "NOT IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH," SCREAMS NARDA, PUSHING HIM OFF THE DAIS!



NARDA LAUGHS, IN SPITE OF HERSELF. "THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE LAUGHED AT ME!" ROARS ADEM. "TAKE HER TO THE SLAVE MART SELL HER TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!"



"A NEW PRIZE FOR THE AUCTION BLOCK," ANNOUNCES THE GUARD. THE BUYERS BUZZ WITH APPRECIATION. A JEWEL, INDEED! WORTH A MAN'S FORTUNE!"



THE BIDDING IS SPIRITED, AND NARDA IS SOLD FOR A RECORD PRICE!



"I PAID MORE THAN I COULD AFFORD, BUT YOU ARE WORTH IT," SAYS NARDA'S PROSPECTIVE LORD AND MASTER. -- "EVEN INCLUDING FEDERAL TAX?" SAYS NARDA, SCORNFULLY.



MEANWHILE, MANDRAKE'S LONG TREK IS OVER, AS HE AND HIS PARTY REACH THE GATES OF THE VALLEY OF THE SINGING DEVILS!



TO BE CONTINUED

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Conditions tend towards extravagance and recklessness, especially in monetary affairs, on May 25, 26, and 27. On these days you must watch expenses and curb impulses. May 28 and 29 are much brighter and you should benefit from outings or excursions. May 30 is quite fair.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): This week finds you full of energy and fearlessness, but do not let it carry you too far, especially May 25, 26, and 27, otherwise health and career could suffer. May 28, 29, and 30 are your best days.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Your best dates are May 28, 29, and 30. On these days you can busy yourself with new ideas, correspondence, changes, or travel. Generally, this period favors the pleasurable and social side of life, but May 25, 26, and 27 are slightly adverse.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Use care in all money matters and friendships on May 25. Avoid arguments on May 27. Take advantage of brighter opportunities on May 28, 29, and 30, when some new intellectual interest or study could absorb your attention.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): May 25, 26, and 27 are slow days, but things brighten on May 28, 29, and 30, when friends and associates will contribute to your happiness. An interesting new friendship may be made or some very deep wish will be fulfilled.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Your hopes will be delayed and you will find extra work on May 25, 26, and 27, while you would be well advised to watch your health. However, on May 28, 29, and 30 conditions brighten considerably and some uplift in your career or social life is possible.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): All artistic, educational, or travel interests meet happy aspects on May 28, 29, and 30, but the rest of the week is neutral. You should be very happy in your social and business life on the dates mentioned.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): See that extra expense or extravagance does not lead to arguments with co-workers or partners this week, also watch legal affairs. Choose May 28, 29, and 30 to adjust such matters. Some slight financial gain could occur on May 31.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): This is a very good week for you. Your personal conditions are bright and cheerful, so that will help your popularity and attractiveness. May 28, 29, and 30 are particularly good for romance, marriage, or personal ties.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A bright and happy mind can help you to achieve better results in your working conditions this week, either in seeking a new job, improving present conditions, or adding some asset. Your health will also improve. Best dates are May 28, 29, and 30.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): All matters connected with friendships, loved ones, children's affairs, or matters close to your heart are favorable this week. Fresh activity, amusements, pleasures, or outings could occur on May 28, 29, and 30. A good week for all creative work.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Relatives, home, and domestic affairs cause activity this week, although May 28, 29, and 30 offer the brightest aspects for any changes, travel, correspondence, or personal dealings. Go carefully on May 25, 26, and 27.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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The Australian Women's Weekly — May 28, 1949

You'll t-h-h-h-rill to the stories in this month's Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/- everywhere.



Machinists

SPECIALY trained girls are attached to the larger city branches where the volume of business necessitates the use of bookkeeping machinery.

The ledger machinist makes all debit and credit entries in customers' actual banking accounts. The statement machinist, operating a similar machine, makes the same entries on statements. These are the customers' own records of their accounts and provide them with a complete, systematic and permanent record of all income and expenditure. Customers may obtain their statements on application or they can be forwarded periodically as desired.

By working independently, ledger and statement machinists keep a constant check on each other's work. This is another example of the care with which your interests are safeguarded when you bank at the "Wales".

Consult and use —

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

Incorporated in New South Wales with limited liability

A1970D



"Don't forget
my Roboleine
Mummy!"

These words will soon re-echo in thousands of Australian homes now that ample supplies are again available. Mothers know from past experience what Roboleine can do in restoring health and strength to her little ones and in building up resistance to infection. Rich in natural vitamins, it stimulates the appetite, aids digestion and supplies that extra nourishment which is lacking in the normal diet. Roboleine is the Tonic Food that doctors use in their own homes.

Don't forget

Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

In 12 oz. and 36 oz. glass jars at all chemists.

Agents for Australia:

MUIR & NEIL PTY. LTD. Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland



News from the studios

By cable from
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

BECAUSE of his excellent work as a detective in Paramount's drama "The Accused," Wendell Corey has moved from feature player roles to stardom.

He will share honors with Barbara Stanwyck in "File on Thelma Jordan."

Corey believes that every screen actor should appear on the stage at least once a year, even if the work entails a country tour with a summer stock company.

Born in New England and the son of a minister, Corey joined a repertory company in Springfield, Massachusetts, as an amateur.

A long series of "little theatre" jobs finally took him to New York, where his first big success was in Elmer Rice's play, "Dream Girl."

Producer Hal Wallis promptly signed him on a long-term film contract.

"The Accused" is his fifth film, and its stars are Loretta Young and Robert Cummings.

RK.O. has finally cast Joan Fontaine in "Bed of Roses," which was originally bought for her when her husband, William Dozier, was the studio chief. It was forgotten when he went to Universal, and it is rumored that the deal dropped for Joan. She will make "Tribby" for producer Jesse Lasky.

LOUIS JOURDAN is co-starring with new hit singer Doris Day in Warners' "The King and the Chorus Girl."

GINGER ROGERS will star in Universal's "Story of Molly," the story of California's renowned Tahachapi women's prison. Shelley Winters is almost assured of a featured role.

MICKEY ROONEY and Martha Vickers are fishing and swimming in Lake Mead, Nevada, while she awaits her divorce at nearby Las Vegas. They plan to marry within minutes after the decree. They have already bought a small one-bedroom home at Encino.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER has signed for an eight weeks' summer water show in London at 5000 dollars weekly. Then he returns to Columbia for the third of the "Jungle Jim" series.

PRODUCER Darryl Zanuck read a magazine article, "Man on a Ledge," about a man who in 1928 perched on a New York hotel ledge for hours before jumping to his death. Now Zanuck has assigned Richard Widmark for the title role in the movie version for producer Sol Siegel. It will show the people who were affected by the man's hours on the ledge.

SIDNEY WARREN and actress Magda Gabor are planning a double honeymoon in Europe with her sister, Sari Gabor, and George Sanders.



EVE ARDEN devotes part of her day to helping her small adopted daughter Lisa prepare for piano lessons. One of Hollywood's most famous comedienne, Eve has a home in the hills which is regarded as one of the show places of the film world. It is furnished completely in early American style. Besides Lisa, the star has another adopted child, a year-old daughter.

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★ ★ The Sun Comes Up

COMBINING the talents of Jeanette MacDonald, Lassie, Claude Jarman, jun., and Lloyd Nolan in a story written by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, M.G.M. makes no bones about presenting a film of unadulterated sentimentality.

Handkerchiefs will be needed by feminine audiences as they witness the trials and tribulations of a beautiful concert singer who loses her husband and only son.

Thoroughly embittered, she retires with her dog to a mountain cottage and meets an orphan boy whose life is as tragic as her own.

Unwillingly her interest is aroused and a series of melodramatic events bring her to a more normal outlook.

The boy becomes ill, Lassie, the dog, is lost in a storm, the orphanage is burnt down, but Lassie rescues the boy from an untimely end, and by this time the singer is ready to adopt the boy, and has found herself a new romance as well.

Needless to say, several opportunities are given for Jeanette to

sing, and her voice has its customary charm.

Young Jarman has grown considerably since he made his first film appearance in "The Yearling," but he retains his unaffected manner.

It's a pleasant change to see reliable Lloyd Nolan in a romantic role after the long series of detective parts he has had.

Glorious mountain scenery photographed in technicolor forms the background for a film which should be labelled "For the Family."

It is at the Liberty.

★ The Gallant Blade

DURING the delay between starring Larry Parks in "The Jolson Story" and its sequel, "Jolson Sings Again," Columbia has given the actor a couple of romantic period dramas in color.

In "The Swordsman" he was a Scot, and now in "The Gallant Blade" he is a French soldier, but the pattern of the film stays firmly in the same sort of mould.

There are the same long lists of duels, the same intrigues, the beautiful damsel (this time played by Marguerite Chapman), and the same Californian country changed only by name to France.

For audiences who are satisfied with a straight romantic period yarn, the film will be enjoyable, but Parks' admirers will regret that he has not been given better material.

These sort of "filling in time" films rarely add to any player's prestige.

The cinecolor used is not of the high quality of technicolor, but it helps.

When French diplomatic circles made treaties with certain countries and then decided to make war on Spain, the story tells us that their orders were not approved by a leading general (George Macready).

His visit to Paris to protest lands him in gaol, and then it is up to his gallant lieutenant (Parks) to rescue him and save the good name of France at the same time.

Marguerite Chapman is the romantic interest, and she is another Hollywood personality who deserves better treatment from studios than she is getting.

The film is at the State.



ON LOCATION for the M.G.M. drama "The Stratton Story," a picnic lunch is enjoyed by June Allyson, a girl visitor, James Stewart, and director Sam Wood. The film will co-star June and Jimmy for the first time.

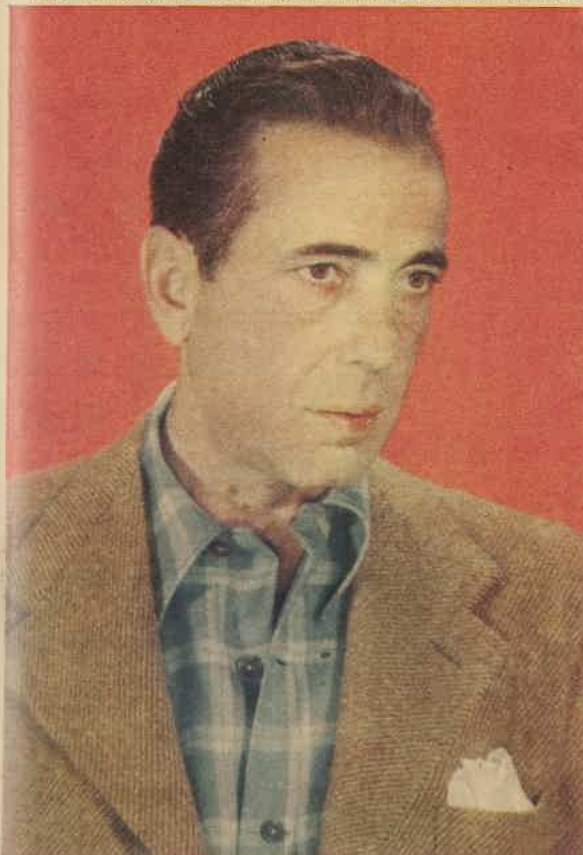
Hollywood stars



ELEANOR PARKER (Warners), who co-stars with Errol Flynn and Ida Lupino in the drama "Escape Me Never," and with Alexis Smith and Sydney Greenstreet in the thriller "Woman in White," taken from Wilkie Collins' novel. Both films will soon be released in Australia.



DANA ANDREWS (Fox) has returned to Hollywood from England, where he co-starred with Maureen O'Hara in "Britannia Mews," a film adapted from the novel by Margery Sharp. He plays a dual role. Famous English actress Dame Sybil Thorndike is a featured player in "Britannia Mews."



HUMPHREY BOGART (Warners) will be seen next in Australia in "Key Largo," a drama in which his co-stars are his wife, Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward G. Robinson. Claire Trevor, a featured player, won the 1948 Academy Award for the best supporting actress.



COLEEN GRAY (Fox), one of the most promising young dramatic actresses in Hollywood. Her acting in a high school play attracted the attention of a talent scout and she received a contract from Fox, for whom she has made three films. Her next appearance will be in the technicolor drama "Sand," as co-star with Mark Stevens. She has a three-year-old daughter, Susan, and was formerly the wife of Rodney Anateam.



Titled English beauty reveals

special beauty secret



The lovely Duchess of Sutherland has fine fair skin, amber eyes and medium brown hair with amber lights in it. This titled beauty says: "Before I go out, whenever I want to be sure to look my best, I always 're-style' my complexion with a light, refreshing 1-Minute Mask. I can count on the Pond's Mask to make my skin look softer and brighter in just one minute."

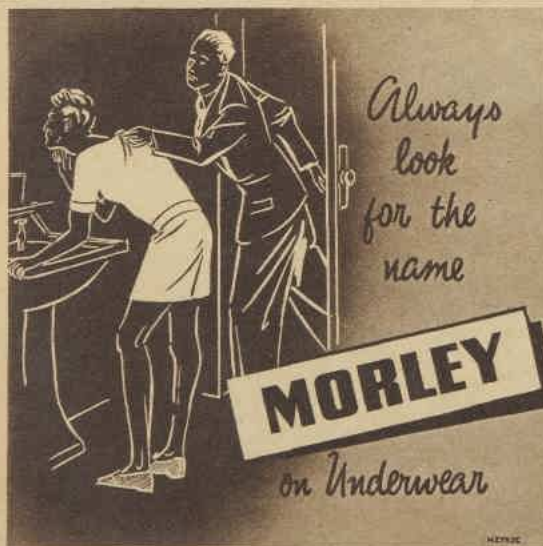
How to apply the 1-Minute Mask

1. Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.
2. Instantly the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream starts to loosen dried skin flakes. Dissolves them off.
3. After just one minute, tissue off and see your radiant new complexion . . . fresher, softer, even lighter!



POND'S VANISHING CREAM

PC9-3



A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY
A.M.

Australia's
National Magazine
for men and women

It's on Sale at all Newsagents every month, 1/-.



1 DINNER PARTY at war-time home of Mrs. Martha Dacre (Ursula Jeans) includes her two daughters, Helen and Lolly, her son, Benjie, and a naval officer, Geoffrey Radcliffe (Cecil Parker).



2 LEFT BEHIND when household joins in D-Day operations, Martha and maid, Mrs. Gaye (Thora Hird), feel useless though they keep the home going.

THE WEAKER SEX . . .



3 WORRIED because her husband's ship has been sunk, Helen (Joan Hopkins) waits with her mother for news.

AS a tribute to the women of Britain in war and peace, "The Weaker Sex," Paul Soskin's production for J. Arthur Rank, is almost a documentary of the British way of life.

Adapted from Esther McCracken's stage play "No Medals," it tells the story of a housewife and mother whose unselfish devotion to her family enables them to overcome the tragedies of war and the difficulties of life in post-war Britain.

Period of the film ranges from 1944 to 1948, and most of the scenes are centred on a typical middle-class suburban home.



4 CONGRATULATIONS are offered by Martha to Roddy McIntyre (John Stone), Lolly's (Lana Morris) fiancé.



5 WEDDING of Lolly and Roddy is held after end of war, but Martha and family all find that peace-time housekeeping is even more difficult than in war years as many new problems arise.



6 HOPEFUL that future will bring better conditions, Martha marries Commander Radcliffe, but continues helping family, now settled into civilian life.

CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 43

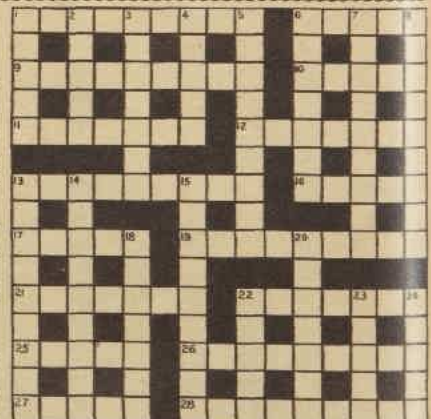
ACROSS

1. Describes why you bought a peace-offering for a wronged one, and his expected reaction? (9).
6. Kel that is a supporter of art (5).
9. Frank fed the office seeker (9).
10. The quiet passages in the Caspian Ocean (5).
11. What are you playing at in there? (7).
12. Met gras supplying the material for a dress (7).
13. Coat braid (anag.) (9).
16. Play monotonously on 10 Street with spirit (5).
17. You'll get it, my lad, starting to crib—you'll find it upsetting (5).
19. The first English hawthorn to reach America got permission to bloom! (9).
21. To publish again has turned easier after getting rid of a substitute by us (7).
22. The singular spectacle of an animal with a poor eye having the heart to overstudy! (7).
25. Knave (9).
26. Are drums a disturbing set for raiders? (9).
27. To get a bed in the ship people race from Perth possibly (9).
28. No nonsense it gets over to me—yet it's crazy publicity (9).

DOWN

1. One of the pack is in short measure—and the lapidary cuts it (5).
2. Hindu queen (5).
3. Did 10 tickets get a hiding stupid (7).
4. Game I manipulated (and became the idol of the crowd!) (5).
5. It caps the twenty-seven (9).
6. Legislator in Ireland's wide dominions (7).
7. Start with terror to see the big noise. He'll probably be stuck up on the farm! (9).
8. Roman life (anag.) (4, 3).
13. The first person is on the ice floating air, but this must turn over when a whale makes it (9).
14. Making a mistake in odd change to put up for the daring action (7, 2).
15. Be in time, fellow, but are you put between them, you slick! (9).
18. Owns XXX hurries up (7).
20. The latitude of the Hon. Member for Reid? (7).
22. Maternal renegade father who fell foul of Charlotte Corday (5).
23. It's not abstract. Get that, but don't study the island (5).
24. An attempt at literary composition (5).

£10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 43 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close June 3, prizes and solution in issue of June 25.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 39

ACROSS: 1—Tooth-rush (anag. both). 6—It is (Lita). 8—Pastmaster. 10—Palm. 12—Snake charmer. 16—Directly. 17—Lea (hidden). 18—Lot. 19—Tie. 20—Rep. 22—Gall-con (anag. one). 23—Pill-ac-iou-sity. 26—1-rai. 27—For-bearing. 28—Ewe-y. 29—Assess-able.

DOWN: 1—Type. 2—Oat (anag.). 3—Humanitarian. 4—Nat. 5—St-en-c/e. 7—Tram-me-ied. 8—Ba-mar-tians. 11—Purified bars. 13—Key. 14—Dent-II-rior. 15—Pencil case. 21—F-raz on's. 22—Onu. 24—Limb (hidden). 25—Ogre (anag.). 26—Bee.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 39.—£10 to Mrs. G. Green, 20 Dawson Rd., Rockhampton, Qld. £5 to Mrs. M. Mills, 207 Canterbury Rd., Canterbury, N.S.W. £2 to Mr. C. K. Paul, 4 Colah Ave., South Yarra, S.E.1, Vic.

Mary Hordern's Paris Notes

Well-known Sydney model
Diana Gregory poses in
four of the beautiful gowns
sent from Paris by leading
couturiers to Pellier's, Sydney.



● Robert Piguet's satin cocktail frock, above, is made with small gares to give the petal skirtline, flaring from the knee. The wool bolero is tassel-trimmed and has the new square-cut, low neckline.

● Charm of the taffeta gown, above, designed by Worth, is its complete simplicity. It can be worn with a sequin-scattered stole to match the halter neckline or with little matching bolero.

● Worth used satin-striped crepe to make the cocktail frock, at right, with its bodice cut cleverly to form a high waist. Back fullness of the skirt is accented by bustle bow. Sleeves are very tight.

● Worth designed the moire frock, above, with its skirt caught into a dramatic hip-fold and tapering away to hemline. Satin turban is ostrich-trimmed.

Dorothy Johnston

Afraid to smile!



Teeth lost through a gum infection... it might have been prevented by sensible care with S.R. Toothpaste

Her embarrassment is caused by missing teeth—extractions have ruined her smile. Help keep your natural teeth by sensible care of your gums—guard against infection by regular use of S.R. Toothpaste.

Don't wait until infection sets in—keep your teeth sound and sparkling in firm healthy gums with S.R. Clean your teeth with S.R. to keep them dazzling white—brush and massage your gums with S.R. and look after their well-being, too.

S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE



HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THE NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR.44.12WVW

THE ANGEL CUT, evolved by Raymond, of London, one of the three new styles he displayed at the International Beauty Show in New York.



ANGEL WITH WINGS, another style, retains the small-head look, with the hair ends combed in an upward, winged effect for softness. This is one of the most attractive of the short haircuts.

CHOIR BOY is another head-fol-lowing design, with attractive, loose waves, short at the nape of the neck, and firmly basted round the front hairline.



VARIATIONS ... in short-hair vogue

From CAROLYN EARLE, overseas

THREE hairstyles, by Raymond, of London, exhibited at the International Beauty Show, in New York, are illustrated on this page.

The originator calls them "Angel Cut," "Angel With Wings," and "Choir Boy."

In the evening a small arch-shaped hairpiece called a beaufort bun is attached to the angel cut, for a more formal look.

It is attached to the hair at the back of the neck with an invisible spiral spring. With a hair ornament at the side, it is both pretty and practical.

Raymond was guest of honor at the International Show.

As well as his three new cuts, he introduced two glamorous hair tints that were much admired—blush rose and opera.

Blush-rose is a subtle blued-pink for blonde hair, wearable in daylight and at night with grey, pink, or a combination of both colors, or, strikingly, with black.

Opera, used to give a temporary lift to auburn hair, Raymond describes as a special form of red-blue, which gives a burnished chinchilla effect to defeat carrot-tonings.

weave a web for romance

with both hands



His eyes will be caught, his heart bewitched by soft, graceful hands kept forever lovely with creamy, beautifying Hinds now specially enriched with lanolin.

Hinds Honey and Almond cream

Two handy sizes—everywhere



Put Sunshine in your hair

SHAMPOO with Camilatone—for deep down cleansing. Price with Tonnins, 1d.

RINSE with Tonnins—puts sunshine in your clean, clean hair. Extra pkts. 3d.

SET with Lustral—makes your lovely hair as easy to manage. Large tube 2/-, available everywhere.

Camilatone beauty shampoo and Tonnins Puts sunshine in your hair



Nielsen's "NICE TO COME HOME TO"

BE IMMUNE* FROM COLDS TEN DAYS FROM NOW

Here is the common sense way to avoid the common cold—and influenza. You catch these troublesome complaints because your natural resistance is too low. Reinforce these protective powers with Anti-Bi-San Tablets. They provide preventive ingredients for absorption into the blood stream. Take Anti-Bi-San for three days only. After seven days you will normally be immune from infection for three months. There are no disturbing after-effects. Ask your chemist for

'ANTI-BI-SAN' COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS 11's Adult, 9's Child

*The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San 3-day treatment will, after seven days, normally provide immunity from infection for three months. Write for leaflet to Sole Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd. 36/40 Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.



FRONT VIEW of Captain and Mrs. Harold Taylor's house at North Manly, N.S.W. Windows and terrace overlook glorious views of Manly. The garden is still in its early stages, but is already planted with a wide variety of Australian flowering shrubs.



PRETTY GUEST-ROOM has apple-green carpet, and cushions and bedspread are in buttercup, fuchsia, green, and pink chintz.



FRENCH WINDOWS from lounge open on to rear terrace, furnished with gaily painted chairs and tables. Grand spot for tea.



CORNER of lounge, showing wide windows. Walls are magnolia. Carpet and heavy velvet curtains are apple-green, as are the deep-seated chairs, decorated with white flower motifs. Mrs. Taylor has made a feature of lovely lamp-shades, which are hand-painted to match pottery bases.

New home for English couple...



COCKTAIL CORNER in large L-shaped lounge has unit fitment upholstered in green. Cocktail cabinet (not shown) has automatic lighting. All occasional tables are of cedar.

WHEN their home in England was bombed, Captain and Mrs. Harold Taylor decided to come to Australia and to build a house here when the war was over.

Photographs of the house, acquired after two years of concentrated effort since they arrived here, are shown on this page. Their home is at North Manly, N.S.W.

It is built on the brow of a steep hill, and commands beautiful views. Comfort is the main consideration in the delightfully furnished interior.

The garden is still in the early stages, but Mrs. Taylor says she is almost bewildered by the wealth of color in flowering shrubs that thrive here. She finds it hard to resist buying and planting every one she comes across.—Eve Gye.

It's planting time for the lovely iris

OWING to the wetness of the season in some areas, bearded irises prolonged their flowering period well into April, but with cooler conditions it will be safe to lift the clumps and divide them for next season's display.

By May (or June, if you prefer it) the rhizomes will be fully matured and in first-class condition to withstand the shock of lifting and division. This early work gives them a chance of becoming re-established before winter really sets in.

Usually after several years of standing in one position most bearded irises become crowded, and need splitting up, and in such cases the entire clump can be lifted, split into handy "fans," and then set out in well-manured and limed soil. The mature used should be very old and must break up easily when forked over. If fresh and hot it will cause serious trouble to the rhizomes or fleshy root parts of the plants.

Make sure to leave all the small leaves intact. They make the big leaves of to-morrow and from their sheaths next season's bearded blooms will appear.

Shake the soil from the roots when lifting so that you can see where best to cut the rhizomes. A big clump that has not been lifted for four or five years might possibly yield 20 to 30 handy sized plants.

When cutting up, leave a fan of four or five leaves to each piece of root or rhizome (fleshy surface tissue and roots). Pieces of the runner or rhizome take a long time to develop new roots if they are cut or broken away without roots attached.

When the runners have been cut up into desired lengths, trim off the leaves to an even eight or nine inches to lessen the drain on the roots.

If using up old clumps or buying new plants, cut back the foliage before replanting. Then dig a shallow hole deep enough to take the roots without cramping and spread them out as naturally as possible. The best site for bearded irises is full sunlight, and the soil must be well drained. Do not cover the fleshy part of the plants (rhizomes) with soil. Leave them on the surface and merely bury the roots attached to them. Covering up of rhizomes causes rotting and sets the plants back if not actually killing them. If the soil happens to be a bit on the heavy side.

A good loamy soil that is neither acid nor alkaline is ideal, although they prefer the soil to be more alkaline than acid. Limestone or agricultural lime can be applied to correct acidity. If the soil is clayey and heavy, apply sand to make it more porous.

And when planting, remember that irises of all kinds like company. Bed the new plants firmly, for they all dislike loose conditions.—Our Home Gardener.

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Vegetable Platter

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

● Recipes are given on this page for vegetables in season, which, if carefully cooked and delicately flavored, may form the main dish of the meal.

ATTRACTIVE arrangement of vegetables for a main course pleases the eye and stimulates the appetite. A light meat dish may be included if preferred, but the emphasis is on vegetables in the recipes suggested on this page.

VEGETABLE PLATTERS and light meat dishes, served with fruit-flavored sweets, are a pleasant change from meals which include substantial quantities of meat. If a light meat dish is to be included, reduce the quantity of vegetable served. Vegetable platters for main course, such as those illustrated here, should be served piping hot. All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

Three medium tomatoes, 1 cup minced cooked meat (fresh or tinned), 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup tomato pulp, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped bacon, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper.
Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a thick slice from top, scoop out pulp. Invert on flat plate to drain. Chop pulp, reserve 1 cup. Mix with all other ingredients, fill into tomato-cases. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. For six.

BOILED ONIONS WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Six medium white onions, 1 cup white sauce, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, cayenne.
Peel onions, wash. Place in large saucepan with water 1in. deep. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Cover closely and cook very gently until onions are tender, but not broken. Drain carefully, keep hot. Meanwhile, prepare sauce, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Fold in cheese, pour over onions, sprinkle lightly with chopped parsley. For six.

HOT VEGETABLE COMBINATIONS

Cabbage and Red Pepper: Place 2 tablespoons diced red pepper in pan with 5 or 6 cups shredded cabbage. Add 2 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, sprinkling of salt.
Place over medium heat, cook 6 to 8 minutes, shaking pan frequently. Serve on hot dish with other vegetables (see color photograph). For five or six.
Cheesed Parsnip Rings: Scrape and wash parsnips. Cut into 1in. rings. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well, arrange on serving platter, sprinkle with grated cheese.
Note: Turnip slices may be prepared and cooked in same way, sprinkling with chopped parsley instead of cheese.
Cauliflower, with Mayonnaise Sauce: Break cauliflower into large flowerets, cook gently 8 to 10 minutes in salted water. Drain well. Arrange on serving platter. Fold 2 tablespoons mayonnaise into 1 cup white sauce, pour over cauliflower, dust with paprika.

MOCK CHICKEN CASSEROLE

One young rabbit, 2 thin pieces lemon rind, 2 thick slices onion, 1 rasher bacon, 1 cup tomato puree, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 cup milk, 1 1/2 cups hot mashed potato, grilled bacon rolls and parsley to garnish.
Cut rabbit into joints, soak 1/2 hour in salted water. Place in casserole with hot water to cover, lemon rind, onion, bacon, salt, pepper. Cover closely, cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1 1/2 to 2 hours until rabbit is tender. Strain off stock, reserving 1 cup. Remove lemon rind and bacon, lift out onion rings, and keep to garnish. Blend flour with

tomato puree, add stock, stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Add milk, pour over rabbit in casserole. Place onion rings on top. Pipe mashed potato around edge, return to oven until thoroughly reheated. Garnish with bacon rolls and parsley. For four or five.

MEAT CANNELONS

Two cups minced cooked meat, 3 tablespoons tomato puree, pinch herbs, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, salt, pepper, few drops Worcestershire sauce, 2 dessertspoons flour for thickening, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon melted shortening.
Place meat, tomato puree, herbs, onion, salt, pepper, and sauce into saucepan. Heat gently, simmer 5 minutes. Blend flour with a little water, stir into meat, simmer 3 minutes longer. Keep hot. Sift self-raising flour and salt, mix to a smooth batter with beaten egg and milk. Add melted shortening. Pour into jug. Melt a little fat in medium-size frying-pan. Pour in sufficient batter to cover pan thinly. Cook over low heat until set and browned underneath. Toss or turn, cook other side. Lift on to plate over boiling water to keep hot, cover. Repeat until all batter is used. Spread meat over pancakes, roll up, serve on hot dish. For five.

BAKED PINEAPPLE WHEELS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 dessertspoons margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon sugar, scant 1 cup milk, 6 slices pineapple (1in. thick), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon lemon or pineapple juice.
Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon. Rub in shortening, add lemon rind and sugar. Mix to a medium dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Divide into six portions, press into rounds same size as pineapple slices. Place on greased oven tray, top each with a pineapple slice. Brush lightly with extra melted margarine or butter. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Melt brown sugar with golden syrup and lemon or pineapple juice, pour over wheels before serving. For six.

UNCOOKED FRUIT WHIP

One packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 pint hot water, 1 cup diced fresh fruit (well drained from syrup and not containing any pineapple).
Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. Allow to become quite cold and slightly thickened. Whip with rotary beater until white, fluffy, and very thick. Fold in fruit, mix well. Pile into individual serving dishes, chill until set. For four or five.

CRUSTED BAKED BANANAS

Six small barely ripe bananas, lemon juice, honey, crushed cornflakes, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 1 tablespoon water.
Peel bananas, cut in halves lengthwise. Coat with lemon juice, drain. Coat with honey, roll in crushed cornflakes until bananas are well covered. Place in greased overware dish, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until bananas are soft—12 to 15 minutes. Combine apricot jam, 1 dessertspoon each of the lemon juice and honey, and water. Heat, pour over bananas, serve hot.

FRUITED CUP CUSTARDS

Two cups warm water, 4 tablespoons powdered milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, 2 eggs, apricot halves (or sliced peach halves), 1 cup very finely chopped walnuts.
Thoroughly grease four or five custard cups, sprinkle lightly with chopped walnuts. Place an apricot half, rounded side down, in bottom of each. Whip powdered milk into warm water, add sugar, beaten eggs, vanilla, mixing well. Pour carefully into prepared cups. Stand in a dish of warm water, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes or until custard is firm. When cool, unmould and serve with syrup drained from fruit used. Serve cold with finger biscuits.

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HIGH-SPEED CASSEROLE. Mix equal quantities of stock and tomato puree, thicken with blended flour. Pour over cocktail frankfurts in casserole. Make four ounces of scone dough, adding half a cup of sweet corn to the mixture. Cut into four wedges. Place on top of casserole in hot oven until corn-scone mixture is cooked.

Readers in three States win prizes in weekly contest

● Each day's mail brings more and more entries for our £3000 Cookery Contest, and for this weekly competition, in which generous cash prizes are awarded.

AS well as entering the big contest, continue to send recipes for the weekly competition, results of which are published on this page, and in which £10 is awarded for the best home-tested recipe.

Rules are simple. Write your recipe clearly on one side of the paper only, add name and address (including State) on every page, and post to this office.

Remember that all spoon measurements in these recipes refer to level spoons, and the task of judging is simplified if level spoons are used in measuring ingredient quantities in recipes submitted.

BAKED RABBIT IMPERIAL

One young rabbit, 1 lemon, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 rasher bacon, 4 stoned chopped prunes, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt to taste, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 egg.

Wash rabbit well, soak 1 hour in salted water; dry inside and out, rub with lemon. Mix crumbs with finely chopped bacon, chopped prunes, herbs, parsley, and salt. Rub margarine or butter into mixture, moisten with beaten egg. Fill into body of rabbit, sew with coarse thread or skewer firmly. Truss rabbit, place in baking-dish with small quantity hot fat; cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 11 to 12 hours or until rabbit is tender and browned. If necessary, remove paper for last 15 minutes' cooking-time and baste well. Lift rabbit on to hot dish, keep hot. Prepare sherry sauce.

Sherry Sauce: Leave 1 tablespoon fat in baking-dish, add 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, brown well. Stir in 1 pint vegetable or meat stock. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Add 3 tablespoons sherry just before serving.

Serve rabbit and sauce with browned potato slices, baked tomato halves, and green vegetable. Garnish dish with parsley sprigs and grilled bacon rolls.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. A. Bumfield, 58 Armstrong St., Middle Park, Vic.

CREME OF CHOKO SOUP

Three chokoes, 1 head celery, 1 onion, 1 potato, 1 small turnip or piece swede, 3 cloves, 3 peppercorns, 1 or 2 bay leaves (if available), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 quart water or stock, 3 dessertspoons margarine or butter,

2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, toast sippets.

Peel chokoes under running water, remove centre cores, cut into dice. Chop celery, peel and chop onion, potato, and turnip. Place all vegetables in large saucepan with cloves, peppercorns, bay leaves, salt, and stock or water. Cover and simmer until all vegetables are soft. Strain, reserving 1 pint of stock; remove peppercorns, cloves, and bay leaves. Rub vegetables through coarse strainer, mix with reserved stock. Melt margarine or butter in clean saucepan, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in vegetable pulp and stock, continue stirring until boiling. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Add milk and condensed milk, correct seasoning. Reheat to boiling point. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley and toast sippets.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Johnson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

BUTTERSCOTCH CUSTARD TART

Tart-case: Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. good shortening, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk if necessary.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg and milk if needed. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to fit 8in. tart-plate. Prepare filling.

Filling: Three-quarters cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons plain flour, 2 egg-yolks, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon white sugar, vanilla, 2 egg-whites, and 3 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Brush base and sides of tart-case lightly with a little egg-white. Mix brown sugar and flour thoroughly together. Place in bottom of tart-case. Press lightly on to pastry. Beat egg-yolks, add milk, sugar, and vanilla. Beat until sugar is dissolved. Pour carefully into tart-case. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) for 10 to 12 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric), bake further 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to become cold. Make a meringue of egg-whites and sugar, pile on to tart, return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Bowes, Post Office, Glen Forrest, W.A.

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